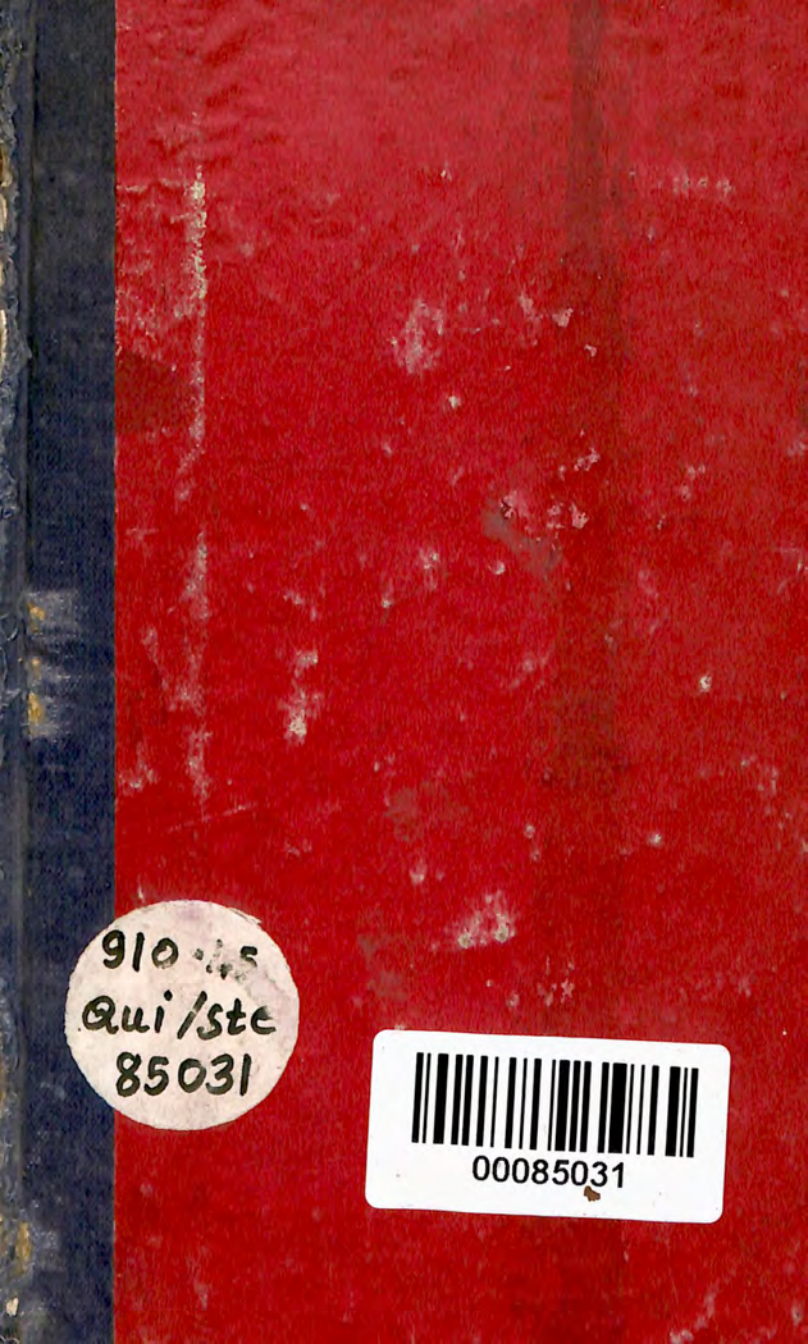
910.4
Qui/ste
85031
00085031

Digitized with financial assistance from the
Government of Maharashtra
on 24 February, 2016

STEAM VOYAGE

DOWN

85031

THE DANUBE.

WITH SKETCHES OF

HUNGARY, WALLACHIA, SERVIA, AND

TURKEY, &c.

X-C-8

By MICHAEL J. QUIN,

AUTHOR OF "A VISIT TO SPAIN."

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

X-C-8

LONDON:

RICHARD BENTLEY, NEW PUBLINGTON STREET.

1835.

910.5
G11/3/3
85031

Ref: 910.8

COX AND SONS, 75, GREAT QUEEN STREET, LINCOLN'S-INN FIELDS.

CONTENTS TO VOL. II.

CHAPTER I.

PAGE

Therapia—Caiques—Precautions—Old England—Ambassador's residence—Lord Ponsonby—Mr. Urquhart—Diplomatic profession—British interests—News dispatches—Dragomanship—Storm—Sources of Plague—Proposed improvements—Russian designs—The Dardanelles—Ibrahim Pacha 1

CHAPTER II.

Treaty of Unkiar Skelessia—Its substance—Third Article—Remaining patent articles—Audiences of the Sultan—Count Orloff—Secret article—Its effect—Law of the Dardanelles—Outrage on international law—Treaty of Petersburg—Boundaries—The provinces—Firman—Russian ascendancy 22

CHAPTER III.

Dictation—Signal of war—Civilization—Barbarism—Russian Court—Turkish civilization—Duties of England—Extent of her empire—Africa—Asia—India—Australia—English influence—Northern powers—Free institutions—Turkish aspirations—Commercial views Mediterranean trade—Steam-boats—Dardanelles—Nullification—Government measures—Nesselrode's answer—Russian magnanimity—Treaty of 1809—Strait of the Euxine—Russian advantages—Key of Turkey 40

CHAPTER IV.

PAGE

Measures suggested—Turkish regeneration—Decline of Fanaticism—Equality of civil rights—The Ottoman Moniteur—Publicity—Judicial institutions—Pressure from without—Payment of indemnity—War—Resistance—Naval armament—Protection . . . 65

CHAPTER V.

St. Sophia—Armenian religion—Mustapha—Departure from Constantinople—The Hellespont—Change of climate—Tomb of Patroclus—Greek quadrille—Throwing the ball—Vintage dance—Greek seas—Sirocco—Mytilene—Pocket winds—Gulph of Smyrna—City of Smyrna—Madame Maracinis—" Of course"—Hinde Cutter 79

CHAPTER VI.

Voyage to Vourla—The British fleet—The *Portland*—Captain Price—My hammock—Bocca Silota—Cape Colonna—Greece enslaved—Greece free—Greek climate—Reign of mind—Thracian poetry—The great Heaven—Olympus—The gods—Fatalism—Death—Predictions—Inspiration—Tokens of woe—Immortality—Superstitions—Homer—Christianity . . 100

CHAPTER VII.

Gun-room—Mountains of Morea—Minister of the Interior—Quarantine—Deck companions—Holystone—Mr. Dawkins—Russian policy—Captain Lyons—Hospitality—Bay of Napoli—Bustle of the streets—Public walks—Count Armansperg—Modern Greeks—Their advantages—Democracy—Aristocracy—The Senate—The Laws—The Sovereign—Judicial office . . 126

CHAPTER VIII.

PAGE

Administration of justice — Popular assemblies—Free constitution—Bavarian code — Reforms—Agriculture —Aristocracy—Argos—King Otho—Russian intrigues —Greek church—Synod—Russian church—Religious feeling—New coinage 150

CHAPTER IX.

Travelling in Greece—Hieron—Mysterious companion—Dangers of the glen — Speculations — Inclination to Brigandage—Alarm—A virtuoso—Epidaurus—Greek servant—Fresh arrivals—On the look-out—Mosaics—A sail—Ruins—Arcadian scene—Pastoral happiness—Diorama—Household operations—Banquet hall—Domestic industry—Benevolence—Marriage preparations —Scene at the cisterns 166

CHAPTER X.

Bargaining—Departure for Athens—Voyage—The Piræus—Athens—Vandalism—The Parthenon—Its entablatures—Mysterious fire—Curiosities—Athenian improvements—Road to Corinth — Megara — Thunder storm — Isthmus of Corinth — Cutting the isthmus — Difficulties of the enterprize—Levels of the seas—Corinth—Change of climate—Vostizza 190

CHAPTER XI.

Great plane tree—Natural curiosity—Road to Patras—Police—Travelling companions—Motives of travel—Differences of opinion—Discussions — Settlement of accounts—Patras—Delay—The *Europa*—A Caffiné—Parnassus—Storm—Greek marriage—Luxurious dog —Temple of Ceres—Bay of Patras—Ants . . 214

CHAPTER XII.

PAGE

Austrian Packet—Living on board—Ionian Isles—Corfu—Situation of Corfu—A day late—Complaints—Commerce—Monopoly—Improvements—Lord Nugent—Garrison Library—Newspapers—A character—A mission—Voyage—Atmospheric delusion—Ragusa—Contrary winds—Water spout 236

CHAPTER XIII.

The deacon—A lost shirt—Grossa island—The Quarnero—Pola-Istrian coast—Trieste—Venetian Steamer—Venice—Russian artist—Il Fanatico—Rome—St. Peter's High mass—Don Miguel—Congregation—Roman monarchy—Gregory XVI.—The Vatican hill—Gardens of Nero—The elevation—Christian triumph . 258

CHAPTER XIV.

Papal revenues—Public opinion—Discontents—Cold of Rome—St. John Laterant—St. Peter's—St. Peter's chair—Windows—Cardinal Weld—English diplomacy—Neapolitan Constitution—Austrian ascendancy—British minister at Rome—The Sistine chapel—Spanish Monk—Vespers—the Roman hills . . . 284

CHAPTER XV.

Naples—A pious piper—The chestnut man—The segretario—The money changer—The small commission—The fish-broiler—The porters—Macearoni—The Toledo—Lotteries—The Sicilians—Neapolitan reforms—Resistance—The Museum—Return home—Expenses of my journey 304

A

STEAM VOYAGE

DOWN

THE DANUBE,

&c.

CHAPTER I.

Therapia—Caiques—Precautions—Old England—Ambassador's residence—Lord Ponsonby—Mr. Urquhart—Diplomatic profession—British interests—News dispatches—Dragomanship—Storm—Sources of plague—Proposed improvements—Russian designs—The Dardanelles—Ibrahim Pacha.

HAVING letters for Lord Ponsonby, I proceeded (18th Oct.) the day after my arrival, to Therapia, where the British embassy has been most inconveniently established, since the magnificent palace belonging to it at Pera was burnt down during that extensive conflagration which occurred a few years ago. What the distance of Therapia may be from Con-

stantinople by land, I cannot conjecture: by the Bosphorus, the more usual route, I should suppose it may be about nine or ten English miles, which are sometimes doubled by the tacks rendered necessary to catch the baffling winds of that channel. The weather may encourage you to go to the embassy; but a change of wind may detain you there for a week, as the only steam-boat yet upon the Bosphorus is reserved for the exclusive service of the Sultan. Certainly no man can have any right to complain of being imprisoned under Lord Ponsonby's roof for a week or a month: for a more enlightened companion, a more kind-hearted host, or a more worthy representative of his country in every respect, is no where to be found. But it is hardly fair to impose upon any ambassador the necessity, not only of receiving his countrymen in an agreeable manner, but also of keeping a sort of caravanserai for them, in order to provide against the vicissitudes of every wind that chooses to blow from the Black Sea, or the sea of Marmora. This inconvenience, however, is, I understand, about to be remedied, as measures are in progress for the erection, at Scutari, of a resi-

dence suitable to the dignity of a British Legation.

The caiques that ply on the Bosphorus are somewhat larger and considerably deeper than the wherries of the Thames. But they are built so round that the passengers and rowers must balance themselves to a nicety before they can depart; otherwise they run the chance of being very speedily upset. For this reason the passengers are obliged to convert themselves during their voyage into ballast, by sitting down on the bottom of the vessel, where a mat or a carpet is usually spread for that purpose. If the wind be favourable, the sail is spread, and then the changes of place which become necessary from time to time, in order to preserve the due distribution of the said balance in accordance with each tack, when the boat cannot run right before the breeze, are very troublesome. The annoyance is still more sensibly felt when there is only one passenger in the boat, for he is obliged to shift here and there according to invisible lines of demarcation, as if he were weighing out his body to a customer in scruples.

As it was against the law of health that I should touch any woollen substance, or any

other luxury capable of communicating the plague, I was obliged to sit down on the naked plank, and be cautious even of suffering a cord to come in contact with my clothes. I thus consigned myself to the care of two brawny Turks, whose oars were tied by leathern thongs to a peg inserted in the edge of the vessel, and we departed from Pera. The day was brilliant.

Much as I had heard of the beauties of the Asiatic as well as of the European banks of the Bosphorus, I must say that they very much exceeded any description I had ever read, or any panorama I had ever seen of them. The ever-changing character of the hills, that rise on each side; the magic variations of colour cast upon them by the travelling sun, and by their own shadows; the pendant groves and gardens; the castles and fortifications of the middle ages; the old Moorish architecture of the houses and palaces, which extend for five or six miles under the hills, beside the blue waters; the splendid new residences, built on either shore, by the present Sultan or his ministers, with their light oriental fronts, their latticed windows, their bronze doors, and snow-white marble steps;

the towering Turkish ships of war, anchored off the arsenal; the merchant brigs of all nations, sailing up or down the waves; the innumerable boats bent on business or pleasure, urged by the oar or wafted by the wind in every direction; the costume of the Frank mingling with that of the Turk, the Albanian, the Greek, the Tartar, the wild mountaineer from Caucasus, the slave from Circassia, the horse-dealer from Arabia, the silk and carpet-merchant from Persia, the Dervish from India, and the veiled form of woman wherever she appeared,—spread out a picture of human life and industry, and of natural grandeur before me, such as no other part of the world could disclose.

In about two hours and a-half I arrived at Therapia, where, upon presenting my letters, which were fumigated, and having undergone the same sort of purification myself, I was desired to feel as if I were at home in old England. Every thing, indeed, looked truly English about me—the sofas, the rose-wood tables, the screens, the comfortable carpets, the cushioned chairs, the richly curtained windows, the mirrors, the books on side tables, the newspapers and reviews and magazines, the

bronze ink and pen tray, the blue gilt-edged dispatch paper from the Stationary Office: it was delightful to tread, as it were, upon a portion of the sacred soil of my country, under the protection of her laws, and hearing only her language at such a distance from her shores!

Lord Ponsonby was so good as to keep me to dinner, and to direct a chamber to be prepared for me, which I was to consider as my own during my sojourn in the capital. I had to wind my way to it through several flights of stone stairs, a court-yard, and then up another set of stairs, where I was surrounded by bath-rooms fitted up with marble basins for the hands and feet, in the Turkish style. Indeed, the mansion, taken as a whole, before it was civilized by the taste and perseverance of Lady Ponsonby, must have presented a most cheerless aspect. It must have looked more like a huge granary, than any thing convertible into a fit residence for a nobleman. Such was its state of repair when occupied by Mr. Mandeville, who, as *chargé d'affaires*, immediately preceded Lord Ponsonby, that when the inclemency of the weather precluded that gentleman from taking his usual ride, he put

on his boots, wrapped his cloak around him, and walked up and down his dining room—a tremendously large saloon—for exercise. On some occasions, it is said, while thus employed, he was even compelled to place himself under the protection of an umbrella!

The society of Therapia is necessarily very limited,—indeed usually confined to the circles of the English and French legations, which are established near each other. Lady Ponsonby has indeed an ample compensation for her absence from the gay crowds of home, in an intellect refined by great natural delicacy of thought, and enriched by the treasures of almost every living language worth attention. Lord Ponsonby is an ardent pupil of the Fox school, of which, and of the individuals who moved in it in his younger days, he has preserved many anecdotes, which he tells with great effect.

Among the guests of the day were Mr. David Urquhart, the well-known author of "Turkey and its Resources," who had lately returned to Constantinople from a tour through the European provinces of the Ottoman empire. This gentleman seems to have attached himself strongly to the Turkish people,

amongst whom he has already acquired considerable influence. He is the first European, I believe, who has been admitted to Mahommetan society in the turban, without having changed, or intended or even affected to change his religion, which is that of the Protestant church. His residence was at Scutari, where he lived altogether after the Turkish fashion, dispensing however with the harem, and was known by the title of the "English Bey!" He was full of the Russian question—that is to say, of the numberless inroads lately made upon the independence of the Sultan by the open aggressions and the more dangerous secret manœuvres of the imperial government, and was so obliging as to give me much useful information on that subject.

Another of the ambassador's guests was Dr. M'Neil, an intelligent and enterprizing Scotchman, who went out some years ago as physician, and afterwards became secretary to the British embassy in Persia. He was on his way home with dispatches. His account of that interesting country was by no means encouraging, so far as British interests were concerned. The whole empire was in a state of disorganization, of which, as usual, a swarm of

Russian agents were eagerly availing themselves in order to prepare the way for their own dominion.

It is an unfortunate defect in our constitution, that its machinery is expressly calculated to prevent us from having a body of gentlemen regularly brought up to diplomacy as a profession, altogether independent of politics. The etiquette of foreign courts will, for the most part, generally require the higher appointments in that department of the state to be filled by noblemen; and as these individuals owe their promotion chiefly to political connexion, I fear they must always remain liable to be changed with the fluctuations which so frequently take place in our government. But it is quite practicable, if the system were once established, that all the minor legations, the secretaryships, and other offices connected with the foreign interests of the country, should be committed exclusively to the hands of individuals properly educated for the purpose. The duties of consuls and vice-consuls are essentially diplomatic, and ought to be entrusted only to gentlemen capable of serving the country in that capacity.

If some system of this kind be not speedily

established, we may as well give up at once the latent contest which we are at this moment carrying on with Russia in Persia, Turkey, and Greece, and with all the northern powers in Germany and Italy. All the consuls of these powers are diplomatic agents, besides whom they have "agents of correspondence," distributed through every country where their interests are in the slightest degree liable to be affected by political circumstances. It is a national silliness on our part to say that these men are "spies," and because *espionage* is in itself a mean and objectionable occupation, therefore we ought not to follow the example of our rivals. It is eminently absurd to designate an individual as a "spy," in the offensive sense of that term, whose office it is to watch the progress of events, to mark the character of the men engaged in them, to speculate rationally upon their consequences, and to furnish his government with all the information concerning them which he has been enabled to collect on the spot by his sagacity and industry. Such an agent may frequently render to his country most material services; and in consequence of the want of public officers of this description, I am convinced that

the influence of England is all but destroyed in Germany, Italy, and the whole of the western districts of Asia.

Another vice of our diplomatic system, if indeed we can be said to have any such system at all, is this, that when a dispatch is prepared by any of our ministers abroad, he is strictly enjoined by the regulations of the Foreign Office to restrict his statements to one general subject. Thus, for instance, suppose the negotiations on the Boundary question to be going on at Washington, and that the British envoy has occasion to narrate to his government the progress he has made, he must touch in his dispatch upon that subject, no other topic whatever. The consequence of this regulation is, that, although on some rare occasions separate dispatches are written on other subjects;—generally speaking, no more than a single communication upon the principal topic is sent home, unaccompanied by a solitary remark on the living history of the men and of the transactions, of whom the writer is only one, and of which his composition forms no more than an episode. From this practice it results that our representatives at foreign stations are seldom good observers of character; that their dis-

patches are remarkable dry, and altogether destitute of general information. I have been told, that in the legations and consular offices of Russia, Austria, and Prussia, and even of some of the minor states, individuals are specially instructed to write home what are called "news dispatches," as often as possible. I know of no reason why a similar course should not be adopted by our legations, many of which are well paid for doing little, and that little very indifferently.

But perhaps the defect of our diplomacy in Turkey, which most strongly demands immediate alteration, is that arising from the old fashion of dragomanship,—not indeed peculiar to the English embassy, since it prevails also amongst the other European missions at Constantinople. An intelligent tribe of men, half Greek, half Italian, has been settled for centuries at Pera, whose business it has been to cultivate the Turkish, French, and Italian languages; hence they are enabled to furnish each of the embassies with an interpreter, who is retained in its service at a high salary. He attends the minister at all his interviews with the Sultan, the members of government, and of the divan, in order to interpret between both

parties; he translates the notes and other communications transmitted by one party to the other, and thus becomes intimately acquainted with state secrets on both sides. Does he never reveal them? If this question can be truly answered in the negative, then the whole race is much calumniated at Constantinople. Indeed, it is said that Russian gold, which is never absent from the scene of negotiations when an important disclosure can be purchased, has irresistible charms for the dragomen.

It may be asked, why a professional secretary is not attached to our Turkish embassy, selected from amongst our own countrymen, and qualified for his office by a familiar acquaintance with the Turkish language? It is not more difficult than the dialects of Persia and India, where we have seldom occasion for the assistance of interpreters in our diplomatic missions, because care is taken to attach to them one gentleman at least of British origin, who is master of the language of the country where the mission is established. The same rule should apply to Constantinople, where the members of government, with few exceptions, are ignorant of every language but their own.

I was detained at Therapia the whole of the ensuing day (19th October) by heavy rains, and a violent tempest which prevailed, without a moment's intermission, until evening, when we all met again round Lord Ponsonby's table. During the night there were tremendous storms of thunder and lightning, accompanied by a strong wind, blowing down from the Black Sea through the hills on each side of the Bosphorus as through a funnel, in the very neck of which his lordship's residence was placed. The waters were still (20th October) much disturbed when I returned to Pera; but the wind being right down the channel, I was only an hour on the voyage, and spent that day, as well as several of the following days, in exploring the curiosities of Constantinople, with an account of which, as they have been already fully and graphically described in a hundred other works, I shall not burthen these pages.

One or two general reflections, however, upon the actual state of that metropolis, may not be deemed superfluous. It is built on a series of hills, which afford every requisite facility for purifying the streets, and for conducting to the Sea of Marmora, through properly constructed sewers, all the impurities which neces-

sarily attend a large population. Unfortunately, whatever sewers exist are choked up, or lead only into the Golden Horn, the inner harbour, where numerous merchant ships are anchored at all seasons of the year. The consequence is, that the harbour, which is but little affected by the current of the Bosphorus, is little better than a stagnant pool, in which not only the drainage from the most crowded part of the city is collected, but also that of the ships waiting for winds, or to deliver or receive their cargoes. I entertain no doubt at all that the Golden Horn, so called as the emblem of commercial abundance, is the real source of the pestilence which so often, I may say so permanently, wastes that metropolis, and renders it a most disagreeable place of residence.

There is not, indeed there cannot be, any thing like society in a capital, where every circle is obliged to observe a quarantine against its neighbour. "Have you touched any body to-day?" is the first question put to a visitor, who is supposed not to be experienced in the arts of avoiding contact. The whole year passes without any evening amusements. Theatres, musical or dancing assemblies, are of course out of the question in such a state

of things. Indeed, nobody attempts to go out at night, as the bazaars are all closed at sunset, and the streets are destitute of lamps.

It is impossible, therefore, that Constantinople can ever be rendered a healthy, a social, or civilized residence, in the European sense of the terms, until the inner harbour shall be entirely filled up, and the sea excluded to that line of demarcation where the current of the Bosphorus acts upon the mass of the waters. New sewers must be constructed leading chiefly into the Sea of Marmora. The bazaars, which are in fact but the principal streets *roofed in*, should be unroofed, and left perfectly open to the air. The gates which exist in different parts of the city, with the view of cutting off communication during a period of insurrection, should be removed. The old battlements and walls, which have no value as defences against artillery, should be levelled with the earth. The same fate should visit the cumbrous and lofty walls by which the official habitations of the governor of Constantinople, and other public servants, are surrounded. For the wooden houses, of which the capital is chiefly composed, streets in the Moorish style of

architecture, of stone or brick materials, should be substituted. If these and other alterations which good taste, attention to air, and provisions for an efficient police would suggest, were carried into execution, Constantinople would be without a rival for the beauty and commercial advantages of its situation.

I believe that nobody has thought more frequently or more deeply upon this subject, than the late and the present sovereigns of Russia. Indeed, when we consider the vast strides which their dominion has made from time to time towards the Dardanelles, we cannot avoid coming to the conclusion, that the design has been, and still is seriously entertained, of eventually rendering Constantinople the seat of government for the Russian empire. This is not only, in my judgment, a very natural object of ambition on the part of the Czar; but one apparently forced upon him by the defective position which the southern provinces of his vast possessions enjoy.

By having extended their authority from the old kingdom of Moscovy, to the Lesser Tartary and the Crimea, thence on the eastern shore of the Euxine to Anapa, and to the

delta of the Danube, on the west, the Russians have become masters of the Black Sea, which has no outlet except through the Bosphorus and the Hellespont. The current which flows through those canals, and through the intervening Sea of Marmora, points out the natural course which that authority must further take before it can be established on a solid basis.

The phrase which escaped Alexander, when he called the Dardanelles "the key of my house," is pregnant with a truth which becomes every day more apparent. It is unquestionably necessary to the further aggrandizement of the dominions of the Czar, assuming that to be his object, to have the right of free egress and ingress through the gates of the Dardanelles, which are the gates also of the Black Sea; and it is incompatible with the notion which every man must entertain, of the relations actually subsisting between his Imperial Majesty and the Sultan, to suppose that the former would ever again suffer the shutting or the opening of the Dardanelles to be dependent on the fiat of the Divan.

All the recent history of Russia has been one uniform series of transactions, tending

cunningly, and indeed without disguise, towards the transference of the imperial throne from Petersburgh to Constantinople. The treaty of Bucharest, which was signed in 1812, placed Wallachia and Moldavia under the *quasi* protection of the emperor. By virtue of the treaty of Adrianople (1829), as we shall presently see, those provinces have become substantially Russian; and Servia has acquired a nominal government of her own, which is calculated only to prepare the way to a similar result in that quarter. This was a remarkable stride across the Danube, and in order that no re-action should render it ineffectual, possession was subsequently secured to the Russian troops of Silistria, which opens the way to Constantinople, for a period of eight years certain, liable to be prolonged *ad infinitum!*

This period of eight years forms a remarkable epoch in these transactions; it discloses the predominant thought of the Russian cabinet in originating the treaty of Adrianople, as well as the two still more important treaties of 1833 and 1834, by which the advantages acquired on the side of the emperor under the former compact, were not only confirmed

but seriously augmented. Eight years from April 1830, (when the convention for the payment of the indemnity was signed at Petersburg) would seem to be the space of time within which the Czar at first calculated upon replenishing his treasury, and collecting sufficient means to enable him to surprise or defy the power of Great Britain, by seizing the Dardanelles. We shall accordingly observe that when a portion of the indemnity (ten millions of Dutch ducats) which the Sultan agreed by the treaty of 1829 to pay to Russia, was subsequently remitted, no diminution took place in the term of years over which the payments had been originally extended; on the contrary, that term was *enlarged!*

Every body recollects how England and France were engaged in 1832 and 1833 in settling the affairs of Belgium; that French troops were obliged to dislodge by force the Dutch garrison from Antwerp, while British ships of war were occupied in blockading the ports of Holland. In the mean time, Ibrahim Pacha, the able and enterprizing son of Mahomet Ali, actual ruler of Egypt, had overrun all Syria, had encamped on the mountainous ranges of the Taurus, and threatened a descent

upon Constantinople itself. Under these circumstances, the Sultan applied for assistance to England and France; but whether it was that sufficient importance had not been then attached to the conquests of Ibrahim, or to the apprehension that his ultimate views were directed upon Constantinople; or that the engagements of both the powers with reference to the pacification of Belgium, prevented them from paying due attention to the solicitations of the Porte, it is at all events certain, that the interposition required on that occasion in behalf of the Turkish empire was refused by the two governments. I cannot but consider that refusal as a most unfortunate event, from whatever causes it may have arisen; it left the field of the East open to the autocrat, who lost not a moment in making it his own.

CHAPTER II.

Treaty of Unkiar Skelessi — Its substance — Third article — Remaining patent articles — Audiences of the Sultan — Count Orloff — Secret article — Its effect — Law of the Dardanelles — Outrage on international law — Treaty of Petersburg — Boundaries — The provinces — Firman — Russian ascendancy.

LEFT to struggle single-handed against an enemy for whom every fresh battle became a triumph, the Sultan was reduced to the necessity of applying to Russia for that succour which was denied him elsewhere. If ever the secret history of Ibrahim's expedition be revealed, it will probably exhibit the extent to which Russian agency was concerned in that enterprize. Its coincidences with the entanglements of France and England, both foreign

and domestic, if not designed, were curiously fortunate for the views of Russia upon Turkey. No sooner was the request made than a Russian fleet of ten ships of the line and several frigates was dispatched to the Bosphorus, and a Russian army of fifty thousand men shortly after occupied the heights of Unkiar Skelessi, or "Giant's Mountain," on the Asiatic side of that canal—the same heights which were once covered by the tents of the Crusaders who had assembled under the command of Godfrey of Boulogne.

The real objects of the generous and disinterested friend of the Porte in this business, became obvious in the course of a little time; before his fleet or his troops departed on their return home, a treaty was concluded between the two powers, which has since given rise to discussions of a grave character, inasmuch as they are as yet by no means terminated, nor modified in the aspect which they assumed from the commencement—an aspect portentous of a general war in Europe.

I found it extremely difficult to obtain an authentic copy of that treaty. Being a contract between the two powers, consisting of six patent articles and a separate article in-

tended to be kept secret, the treaty was not officially communicated to other governments, and never has been officially published. The fact is, that the Turkish original in their own language is construed by the Divan, on some points, in a way not strictly reconcilable with the Russian original in French, and therefore doubts may be contended for on both sides as to the acceptation in which the whole treaty should be received. I have however succeeded in procuring a copy of that document, which may be relied upon as containing no material error.* It will be found in French and English in the Appendix: I shall here briefly state its substance.

It is entitled a "Treaty of *Defensive* Alliance" between Russia and Turkey, entered into by the parties with a view to give effect to the sincere desire by which they were animated to maintain the system of peace and good harmony happily established between the two empires, and to extend and to strengthen the perfect friendship and confidence which reigned between them. It was therefore mutually agreed that there should be for ever peace, friendship, and alliance between the two sove-

* Appendix A. vol. i.

reigns, their empires and subjects, by land and sea: that the *only* object of that alliance should be the common defence of their states against every kind of attack (*i. e.* by a foreign enemy, or domestic insurgents), their majesties pledging themselves "to enter into an unreserved understanding with each other with reference to all objects that concern their tranquillity and security respectively, and to lend for that purpose mutually *matériel* succours, and the most effective assistance." The second article confirms the treaties and conventions previously concluded between the two powers.

The third article runs thus:—In consequence of the principle of conservation and mutual defence which serves as the basis of the present treaty of alliance, and in pursuance of the most sincere desire of assuring the duration, the maintenance, and entire independence of the Sublime Porte, the emperor, in case circumstances which might again induce the Porte to claim naval and military assistance from Russia should occur, although the case were not to be foreseen, promises, if it should please God, to furnish by land and sea such number of troops and forces as the two contracting parties shall judge necessary. Accordingly, it is agreed that

in this case, the forces by land and sea which the Porte shall require, shall be held at its disposal.

The fourth article stipulates, that in case one of the powers should require assistance, as before specified, from the other, those expenses only which may be incurred for provisioning the forces by land and sea, shall be defrayed by the party demanding the succours. The fifth article limits the period during which this treaty is to be in force to *eight* years from the date of the exchange of ratifications. The parties, indeed, assure each other that they desire to maintain its engagements to the latest moment of time; but leave themselves at liberty hereafter to modify its provisions, and extend its duration, as circumstances may suggest. The sixth and concluding patent article regulates the period (two months) for the exchange of ratifications, and terminates with the usual form for authenticating the instrument, without making any allusion whatever to the "separate article."

Lord Ponsonby landed at Therapia on the 4th of May (1833) from the *Actæon*, in which he had sailed from Naples, a few days before Count Orloff reached the Bosphorus in a Russian *steam-boat* from Odessa. His lordship had

his first audience of the Sultan at the splendid new kiosk or palace of Dalma Batché, on the European bank of the Bosphorus; he remained an hour. The Count Orloff immediately followed, and remained two hours. On leaving the Sultan, the Count told every body that he was like a person who came to a banquet when all was over. He had nothing to do! The fleet was already ordered home! The encampment was about to be broken up! He was an idle man, and his only business was to amuse himself as well as he could for a few days!

The gentlemen of the *Actæon* were requested to consider themselves quite at home in the Russian camp; they played at cricket in the Sultan's valley! The commander-in-chief actually went on board himself to invite the captain to visit him at his mansion; he went in full uniform, landing from his boat where his pennant was displayed, sent in his name, was detained in the hall amongst orderlies and common soldiers nearly half an hour, and came away in disgust! An explanation arrived the day after, to say that it was all a mistake—that the servants were ignorant of the rank of the English visitor!

On the 24th of May, the Sultan was to go to the mosque; it was noticed that he delayed considerably beyond the usual time; and it afterwards transpired that he had been engaged in a most violent discussion with the Count Orloff; many angry speeches having passed on the occasion between the diplomatist and the sovereign. When his highness mounted his horse, decorated though he was with diamonds, emeralds, and rubies, he looked the personification of ill-humour.

A few days after this scene, a ship arrived in the Bosphorus from Malta, with intelligence that a formidable combined British and French fleet had sailed for the Dardanelles. This was not exactly the fact; for their object was to prohibit the advance, beyond the Taurus, of the troops under the command of Ibrahim; and as the mandate was at once obeyed, and there was no longer any pretence for the stay of the Russian fleet in the Bosphorus, preparations were made (most reluctantly) for its departure. Nevertheless, under one pretext or another, the troops were detained, week after week, at Unkiar Skelessi, amid a series of balls, reviews, fire-works, and amusements of every description, under cover of

which the negotiations for the above treaty were most adroitly conducted. It was signed on the 26th of June (8th of July, N.S.), and the "separate secret article" was executed on the same day.

That article is as follows:—"By virtue of the first article of the *patent* treaty of defensive alliance concluded between the Sublime Porte and the Imperial Court of Russia, the two high contracting parties have engaged to afford to each other mutually *matériel* succours, and the most effective assistance for the security of their respective states. Nevertheless, as his Majesty the Emperor of all the Russias, wishing to spare the Sublime Porte the charges and the embarrassments which would result on its part from the grant of such *matériel* succours, will not demand such succours if circumstances should place the Sublime Porte under the necessity of furnishing them, the Sublime Ottoman Porte, in lieu of such succours which it is bound to afford, if necessary, in conformity with the principle of reciprocity of the patent treaty, *ought* to limit its action in favour of the Imperial *Court of Russia to the closing of the strait of the Dardanelles*, that is to say, *not to permit any foreign ship of*

war to enter it under any pretext whatever. The present separate and secret article shall have the same force and validity as if it were inserted, word for word, in the treaty of defensive alliance of this day."

The whole object of the patent treaty is therefore to create a plausible pretext for the secret article. One party agrees at first, and in open market, to lend the other a pound of powder; but for the pound of powder both parties subsequently agree in secret to substitute the *key* of the Dardanelles! The change which such an agreement operates in the relations previously existing between the two powers is manifest. The object attained by the private contract bears no proportion whatever to the part of the public transaction for which that object is extorted as an equivalent. Russia really wanted no "*matériel* succours" from Turkey; but she pretends to require them on the principle of reciprocity, and founds upon that principle the establishment of the great object of her ambition, the control of the Dardanelles! Thus the parties who act before the world as equals, on retiring behind the scenes, are suddenly transformed into two very different characters—the master and the slave.

It cannot be doubted, I apprehend, that the British Government has good right to complain of this transaction. I admit, of course, that two independent powers possess authority to make such stipulations with each other as they may think conducive to their mutual benefit. Even then, however, if we see an unfair advantage taken of an enfeebled state in the hour of distress by a more energetic and ambitious neighbour, other nations, though not immediately affected by the consequences of the act, are not justly liable to animadversion if they contemplate such a proceeding with extreme jealousy. But the case becomes much stronger as a groundwork for jealousy, if not for measures of a defined and active character, when we examine its bearings upon the interests of Europe in general.

The law of the Dardanelles, so to speak, stood, before the 8th of July 1833, as follows. The Porte had for centuries claimed the right of excluding from that strait the ships of war of all foreign nations, without exception. England, France, and the other powers of the continent, acquiesced in that law, and even may be considered as parties consenting to it. If the Porte proposed to modify that law, her

intentions ought, according to the courtesy of nations at peace with each other, to have been communicated to the other governments before being carried into execution. The ministers of the Porte and Russia, however, meet in a secret chamber at Constantinople, and enact of their own authority a most important alteration in a law which, by the general consent given to it, had long ceased to be a mere municipal law of Turkey, and had become interwoven with the general law of nations. I contend, therefore, that this proceeding, besides being clandestine, is the usurpation of an authority which one of these states, but not both combined possessed. The Porte owned both sides of the strait, and might close or open it lawfully. But the two powers had no joint delegation to legislate for Europe.

What is the effect of the alteration? Before the treaty, all foreign ships of war were excluded from the Dardanelles. The secret article decrees an exception in favour of Russia. Under the patent treaty, the emperor, if he deem it necessary to the safety of his states, may call upon his defensive ally to assist him with *matériel* succours. Under the secret article he says, "I do not want your powder;

but in lieu of it you must shut the Dardanelles against my enemies." This proceeding, if carried into effect, would, in case of a war, for instance, between England and Russia, give to the latter an advantage to which, under the law of nations as it stood before, she would not be entitled. Her ships of war would not in that case be "foreign" within the meaning of the treaty: they would not be the ships of a "stranger," *étranger*, but of an ally—a *defensive* ally—and therefore they would have a right to egress and ingress through the strait at a time when the strait would be shut against the flag of England.

Another striking consequence of the whole transaction is this: that whenever the emperor chooses to go to war, he may, if he wish it, call upon his *defensive* ally to become a belligerent also, whether it be for the interest of the Porte or not. The treaty is indeed limited in its duration to eight years (again that mystic period!). But it is "renewable for ever." Every hour it exists inflicts, in my humble judgment, an outrage on the law, and what is higher than the law, the honour of all other nations.

It is a peculiarly offensive, though a necessary ingredient in this transaction, that although

the two powers have affected to legislate for Europe, they have never yet officially promulgated the terms of the ordinance by which they have decided that we shall in future be governed. This is usurpation in its most tyrannical form. "You shall obey my law," says the autocrat, "but you shall not know it." Thus, to an unjustifiable claim to paramount authority over all Europe, the Moscovite has sought to add the dark and undefine d and lawless empire of the Inquisition.

The treaty of Unkiar Skelessi was not long afterwards followed by another, which was signed by the plenipotentiaries of the two powers at Constantinople on the 29th of January* (10th February) 1834—that is to say, by Ahmed Pacha on the one part, and the Counts Nesselrode and Orloff on the other. This is a very remarkable treaty. The first article relates to the "line of demarcation," which was in future to separate the two empires in the east, with a view to prevent every species of dispute and discussion, as well as the depredations of those tribes whose acts had more than once compromised the relations of neighbourhood and friendship between the two empires! Not a

* Appendix B. vol. i.

word is said here of those compensations *en nature*, which were to form part of the indemnity to be paid by the Porte; and yet if the reader will look at the map of Asia while he reads the first article carefully, he will perceive that, without mentioning them by name, the article transfers to Russia a considerable portion of the eastern coast of the Black Sea, including the richest, the most populous, and the most fertile territories of Turkey in that direction. The line departs from port St. Nicolo on the coast of the Euxine, follows the actual frontiers of the province of Guriel, ascends the confines of Juira, and thence traverses the province of Akhiskha, until it strikes the point where the provinces of Akhiskha and of Cars are re-united with the province of Georgia.

An engagement is then entered into on the part of the Emperor, that as soon as the boundary lines shall have been marked by commissioners to be appointed for that purpose, the Russian troops shall evacuate the territories beyond the line; and it is agreed that the Mussulmen who were living within the "inconsiderable territory," which is comprised within the line that passes by the Sandjack of Ghroubhan and the borders of the Sandjacks of

Ponskron and of Djildir, if they wish to reside under the dominion of the Porte, may take eighteen months "to finish the affairs which attach them to the country, and transfer themselves to the Turkish states, without molestation!"

The subject of the provinces of Wallachia Moldavia is next finally disposed of. By the convention of Ackermann it had been stipulated between the two powers that the Hospodars should be appointed by the Porte, and that they should hold office for seven years, when the Sultan might re-appoint them, or substitute other persons for them, during similar periods. By the separate Act (1), attached to the Treaty of Adrianople, the government of the provinces is placed upon a footing which is almost equivalent to a state of independence, so far as the Porte is concerned; and the second article of the treaty of Petersburg, now under consideration, affects simply to confirm that arrangement, whereas it really surrenders the substantial sovereignty of the provinces to Russia.

"By the instrument," says the article, "executed separately at Adrianople relative to the principalities of Wallachia and Moldavia, the Sublime Porte has engaged to recognise for-

mally the regulations made, while the Russian troops occupied those provinces, by the principal inhabitants with reference to the internal administration of the country; the sublime Porte finding nothing in the articles of that *constitution*, which can affect its rights of Suzeraineté, consents henceforth formally to recognize the said constitution. It undertakes to publish in this respect a firman, accompanied by a hatti sheriff, within two months after the exchange of ratifications, and to give a copy of the same to the Russian mission at Constantinople."

Hence it appears that although the principalities were then in a condition *apparently* to treat for themselves—although they possessed a constitution framed according to the wishes of the "notable inhabitants" of those districts, and although that constitution was now solemnly recognised, no authority could be admitted emanating directly from the principalities to be a contracting party to this treaty. The reader will have further observed, that no provision is made for communicating a copy of the firman and the hatti sheriff specially to the authorities of the principalities themselves. Both instruments are to be published to all the world—but

the official copy of them is stipulated to be given only to the *Russian* mission at Constantinople! Therefore the emperor is the real sovereign of the principalities, and the hospodars are his puppets.

The third article of this treaty relates to the indemnity, and proposes to *facilitate* its payment. It had been stipulated by a former treaty that the Porte should pay annually, during the term of eight years, one million of Dutch ducats: that sum is now reduced to half a million, but the annual payments are still to extend over the period of eight years. Two millions of the original ten would still remain, however, to be paid. The emperor gives them up, in consideration of the Sultan's poverty! An arrangement is then made whereby the whole of the four millions of ducats which thus constitute the amount of the indemnity, shall be paid in annual instalments, during eight years: and the first year is to be from May 1834 to May 1835, the second from May 1835 to May 1836, and so on, by which it may be seen that the possession of Silistria, which the emperor holds until the indemnity shall be fully liquidated, has been extended from the year 1838, the original period, to the year of our Lord

1842. The registration among its archives of the firman and hatti sheriff, relating to the principalities, is not a more valid token of Russian ascendancy in these provinces, than Silistria is of her paramount authority throughout Turkey.

CHAPTER III.

Dictation—Signal of war—Civilization—Barbarism—Russian court—Turkish Civilization—Duties of England—Extent of her empire—Africa—Asia—India—Australia—English influence—Northern powers—Free institutions—Turkish aspirations—Commercial views—Mediterranean trade—Steamboats—Dardanelles — Nullification—Government measures—Nesselrode's answer—Russian magnanimity—Treaty of 1809—Strait of the Euxine—Russian advantages—Key of Turkey.

It was comparatively an unimportant prerogative of the Sultan to hold in his own hands the key of the Dardanelles. We acquiesced in his exercise of that principle, because he was an old ally of ours, and not possessed of any formidable power. But the same prerogative usurped by the Emperor, becomes a privilege of a very different character. We have not been consulted about the transfer.

From weak hands it has been grasped by those of a giant, with whom we shall, sooner or later, have to contend for the liberties and the peace of Europe. If we had been solicited to consent to such an arrangement, we should certainly have opposed it; if insisted upon, we should have negotiated further only by ordering our fleet to the Bosphorus. Are we to be constrained into acquiescence by the force of a treaty concluded behind our back—a treaty signed by the Sultan under duresse—a surreptitious, and in every respect an illegal instrument?

Are we to acknowledge the Czar as the sovereign lord of Turkey, dictating the law of the Dardanelles—the law of nations—to the whole commercial world? Are we to endure the continuance of those relations between Russia and the Porte, by the instrumentality of which, under the mask of a treaty concluded between two powers, one independent of the other, and upon a footing of equality with it only by diplomatic fiction, a rule of warfare is enacted in a clandestine form, to be carried into execution whenever it suits the convenience of the party with whom it originated? These are questions in which not England

only, but all maritime Europe, the two Americas, and the Indies, are vitally interested.

The view I have taken of the treaty of Unkiar Skelessi, must be founded altogether upon mistaken notions as to the authority from which international laws should emanate, and as to the sanctions by which they are upheld, if that compact be not such an invasion of the rights of all other countries as to compel them, in their own defence, to nullify it by the most direct exercise of all the powers of resistance within their control. That treaty must be rescinded, or we shall be but a province of Russia. It is itself a manifest preparation for war. It is the first trumpet sound of the camp gathering in the North, to emulate the hordes which, in former ages, pressed upon the barriers of the Roman empire until they swept them away, bearing down beneath their hoofs, as they rushed tumultuously onward, every monument of art, every creation of genius, every fair and beauteous and noble work of a polished and generous people, that was conducive to convenience or illumined by accumulated centuries of glory.

Considered as a question of human civilization, I ask any man conversant with the actual

state of the Northern empire itself, whether, setting apart the fraud perpetrated on the "Giant Mountains," and the injustice against all other nations with which that act is pregnant, there is the most remote probability in the hypothesis that Turkey would be really and permanently improved by becoming the handmaid of Russia? We are told, from day to day, by foreign writers, paid out of the imperial treasury, that the Ottoman sovereignty is falling to ruin; that the Mussulmen are a voluptuous, indolent, superstitious, slavish and barbarous race; that they have no schools, no literature, no science, no architecture, no sculpture, no painting; and that the time has arrived for expelling them for ever from Europe, where after all they have been only encamped for a few centuries.

I could feel the force of this sort of argument if put forth in favour of England or France, or even of Southern Germany; but in the mouth of a Russian it is unintelligible. If Turkey be in a state of dilapidation, is it to be restored by the destroyer of Poland? If the Turk be voluptuous, will the Oustliougan render him abstemious? If the Turk be indolent, will the Cossack convert him to habits

of industry? If the Turk be superstitious, will the idolater of Mordua win him to the paths of religion? If the Turk be slavish, will the serf of Horodeck, or Kandalox, or Neomerskovolocki, kindle in his breast the sentiment of freedom? If the Turk be barbarous, will the forester of Boraevet, or the fisherman of Dwinka, teach him how to dance? If the Turk have no schools, is he likely to obtain them from the conqueror who shut up the university of Warsaw? If the Turk have no literature, will he acquire it from the unrestricted, enlightened presses of Moscow? If the Turk possess no science, who is there among the Palatines of Hokia that will initiate him in Algebra? If the Turk be not sufficiently conversant with the rudiments of architecture, will the Calmuc create him a Michael Angelo? If the Turk be ignorant of sculpture, will they who dwell on the Ulka or the Sloutka transform him into a Phidias? If the Turk be no painter, will the hunters of Sestanox, or those who drink of the Molascheck, render him the rival of Titian?

If the magnanimous autocrat feel desirous of assisting to civilize mankind, let his Majesty shew what he can do by beginning at home.

Let him look to the very *élite* of his own court, the very nobles by whose presence his palaces are graced, and say whether they are such as even he would wish them to be? That some few men of great aptitude for diplomacy, of elegant manners, and general intelligence, belong to that court, no one who knows any thing of the Lievens, the Nesselrodes, the Di Borgos, the Pahlens, the Orloffs, will venture to deny. But these are either foreigners, or the "rari nantes in gurgite vasto." What are they amongst fifty millions of boors, over whom the imperial sceptre waves—men degraded even beneath the lines of ordinary barbarism, and likely to be kept there for ages still to come, by the essentially unchangeable principles of the government which holds them in subjection?

Most of the agents of the Russian cabinet are adventurers from the civilized nations, who seek to earn fortune, and perhaps fame, in the service of a treasury, which, though very much straightened in its resources, can always command enough of gold to establish a system of corruption in every part of the world, where anti-liberal views are to be carried into effect. I am willing to acknowledge the fact that some

native subjects of the emperor have displayed great intellectual powers. One of these gentlemen, however, whom I met at Rome, who had devoted himself to painting, and was considered as eminently successful in his art, told me that he had no country but Italy. He had not the most remote intention, he said, to return to a home where celebrity has no lustre, genius no protection!

Turkey, it must be admitted on all hands, is not in a state of civilization at this moment—unfortunately very far from it. But there is no danger in asserting that it is much the superior of Russia in that and every other respect; and if any such connection as the relation of sovereign and subject were to be established between the autocrat and the Ottoman people, it would blight every hope of improvement, annihilate every chance of future prosperity, which they now enjoy. To adopt avowed, systematic, and most rigorous measures for the entire extermination of the Turks, would be a policy infinitely more humane than any that would bare them to the scourge of the most brutal soldiery on the face of the earth.

Again, putting aside the clandestine attempt at international legislation by the two Powers,

as well as the utter impossibility of Turkey being civilized by Russian example, can I, as an individual of the multitudes who compose our own empire, treat with indifference the question, Who shall rule in the Mediterranean? Who shall shut or open, when he pleases, the gates of the Dardanelles? Who shall command all the shores of Marmora and the Euxine; subjugate Persia; penetrate, in his steam-boats, to the capitals of Europe, by the Danube; to the mountains of Nubia, by the Nile; and to India by the Euphrates?

Had we only in view the mere human ambition of directing the destinies of the world, which under the EYE that never sleeps we hold at this hour in our hands, even that were a noble motive of action, a glorious impulse to renown. But he must tread to little purpose the earth on which we are placed, who does not read in letters of light the ordinance of the GREAT GOD, whereby he has announced it to be his will, that from this island should be dispensed the knowledge of his law, and the happiness with which it overflows, amongst all the families of men still immersed in mental darkness and misery. All our important acts upon the theatre of the world, our impregnable

position on the seas, which give us access to every tribe under the sun, the power we at this moment exercise from the point where that sun rises to the point whence it is to rise again, are the palpable tokens of a divine mission, for the due execution of which, we, who live in discussion and action, and our children's children, shall be held responsible.

The Roman empire, when it reached the full extent of dominion which it was destined to hold, stretched from the Atlantic to the Euphrates, from Dacia to the tropic of Cancer, occupying a million and a-half of square miles, teeming with every fruit of earth, distinguished by every shade of beauty, comprising all the tribes of men then fitted to lead or to follow in the career of civilization. For what purpose was such an empire constructed? From what actually occurred we are authorized to say, that all these tribes were assembled under the eagles of Rome, for the purpose of hearing the new law which was disclosed to them from the Mount of Olives. That law, after the lapse of eighteen centuries, is still the guide and the hope of their descendants.

No other empire has arisen since the dissolution of that of Rome worthy of being compared

with it, except that of Great Britain, which not only exceeds it in territorial vastness, but beyond even its possessions exercises a moral sway, almost commensurate with the planet of which the island seat of her government forms so small a part. It was our mission to convert the forests of North America into nations, to give them our own language, our religion, and our free institutions. These duties we have accomplished. It devolved on Spain to perform similar offices for the southern tracts of that vast continent, so far as religion and language were concerned; but to us they looked for the institutions of liberty, and for emancipation from the thraldom in which Spain had held them; from us accordingly they have received independence, both at home and abroad.

The whole continent of Africa is waiting to bear further testimony to our character. We are the only European nation that holds any portion of that territory, from which light can eventually be shed over the sable multitudes who occupy its central and northern districts. The incursions of the barbarians who swarm on our frontiers in the south, will compel us ultimately to extend those frontiers until they touch the Nile. Men, actuated by extraor-

dinary impulses, have gone forth from amongst us at the hazard, and almost uniformly at the forfeiture of their lives, to explore the rivers and lakes, and mountains and plains, and to become acquainted with the tribes of those magnificent, though as yet unhealthy, regions. They have already felt our power in the south and in the west, and know that it is irresistible. They warred with each other in order that they might make captives, and sell them to less populous climes. We have already put an end to that unhallowed trade, have extinguished their motives for perpetual hostilities amongst themselves, and have attempted to shew them that there are other kinds of commerce, which can only be fostered by peace, extended by industry, protected by laws, blessed by religion, and capable of forming a bond, which shall connect them by the ties of interest and affection with all their brethren of the human race —a bond never to be broken. The last shout of our people, speaking the living voice of our God, was—"Break the chains of the negroes!" *It is done.* The next will be—"Baptize them!" IT WILL BE DONE.

Unrol the map of Asia, and behold the duties imposed on us throughout the whole of

that wondrous continent. But a few lustres ago—within almost my own memory, although that does not extend as yet to forty years—we had no more territory in Hindostan than we now possess in China—a few feet of earth with a fort upon it, which we called a factory. That factory is now an empire, extending from Ceylon to the Himalayan mountains, from Ava to the Indus. We menace the dense regions of China on one side, and almost control those of Persia on the other. We have broken the crowns of the dissolute and sanguinary dynasties raised up by the Tartar and the Turcoman, the Mogul and the Saracen, the worshipper of block, and stone, and fire, and fused them all into one dazzling jewel, which has been set in the diadem of England.

Beneath our sceptre in that land there are more than a hundred millions of human beings. They were, like the Africans, perpetually engaged in wars with each other. We have already accustomed them to peace. The men whom we have given them from time to time as their rulers have exhibited matchless talents for empire, and taught them the solid glory of Justice sitting by the side of Mercy. Laws firmly administered have secured them pro-

perty, life, and liberty; they have been lately called to magisterial and judicial offices, and will soon be summoned to legislative assemblies. Education has begun to prepare their children for still nobler fortunes: for the resuscitation of the most brilliant arts which had their primeval sources in oriental genius and taste; for the cultivation of the most fertile territory on the globe; for a commerce which is to enrich all nations; for the substitution of the one English language in the room of the myriads of defective dialects by which they are now encumbered; for the substitution of the one Christian religion in place of the multifarious forms of idolatry by which they are still degraded; and for the resolution of our empire into several independent states, destined by peaceful rivalry in industry, and literature, and science, to restore that Paradise which, though overspread by the jungle and the marsh, and ravaged by the elephant through long ages of degeneracy, has never been wholly effaced from the world of the sun.

Thus upon three distant continents of the globe, our exertions and our influence have been called forth to a wonderful extent, and attended with a degree of success quite mira-

culous. But scarcely were our duties in those regions discharged, or put into a regular train of performance, than we discovered a new continent in Australia, which opened a vast field of enterprise for our own population, just at the moment when the different classes of our community began to press upon each other with such an overwhelming force of mere physical density, as to threaten the most alarming consequences. Already great numbers of our families have transferred themselves to that new world, where the natural productions, the genial climate, the teeming soil, the abundant rivers, and the surrounding seas, promise them health, opulence, and peace. They have taken out freedom in their bosoms, to be brought forth when the due season shall arrive. In less than a century they will be independent, and another great nation shall arise, our brethren in blood, in religion, in language, literature, and liberty—our generous rivals in all those pursuits which are conducive to the happiness of mankind.

Whatever may be said to the contrary by persons who are of discontented minds at home, it is impossible for those who found their knowledge of the European continent upon

actual inspection, not to perceive that the *moral* influence of England upon the civilized, as well as some of the uncivilized nations of that portion of the globe, is very remarkable, if not predominant. Books of any merit which emanate from our press, are within a few weeks after reprinted at Paris, Brussels, Leipsic, and in different parts of Germany, and provided only that they contain no *politics* which interfere with the principles of the three powers who have organized a "High Police" in the North against the march of English ideas, are translated into every language of Europe. Austria has already its "Penny Magazine."

No power on earth is at this moment so frail as that which has been established by the Northern League. Should the whole, or any of its members have the temerity to go to war, the thrones of Prussia and Austria will be its first victims; and the minor sovereignties of south Germany will be compelled to concede to their people the most liberal constitutions. England holds in her hand the match, not yet lighted, by which the whole mind of Europe may be kindled into insurrection against the bristling hosts of the "Holy Alliance," whose bayonets might as well fight with the stars, as with that

public opinion which shines and marches above their heads and through their very ranks, bidding defiance to their impotent artillery.

Our institutions have given to France, Spain, and Portugal, the models of those charters which they now enjoy, and although I regret to say, that constitutional liberty is as yet but in its earliest infancy in France, and is very defectively comprehended in the Peninsula, nevertheless the fire of free aspiration is certainly kindled in those countries, and it will at no distant period fill with its light the entire concave of their horizon. The Ionian Isles are prospering under our authority. The Greeks sent a deputation to us to ask for their ancient liberties, and they have not asked for them in vain from an educated people, whose finest mental associations are linked by a galaxy of immortal thoughts with their own.

The failing Mussulman now supplicates assistance at our hands:—no more noble heart beats in any human breast than in his; he asks for our civilization, not only as a great benefit to himself, but as a safeguard against the degrading, anti-civilizing power of Russia—he asks that his form of manly beauty may not be chained to the barren earth, that his mind, dark

though it be, may not remain for ever under the eclipse every day becoming more frightful, as that vast congregation of brute matter, now visible on his confines, threatens in its course effectually to intercept the radiant and fertilizing splendour he would otherwise have received from Western Europe. Is he destined to petition us without success? Most assuredly not. We shall give much more than he may now expect to receive from our inexhaustible sources of improvement; we shall give it upon considerations perhaps of self-interest, which is the most powerful, as it is the most practical motive of action with a commercial nation: but the blessings he is to welcome and enjoy will be to him of the same value, as if they had been administered upon impulses of a more generous character.

What then would be the state of our commerce in the Levant, and indeed throughout the Mediterranean, if Russia domineered over Turkey and held the Dardanelles? Our trade with the Russian ports of the Black Sea and the Baltic is at this moment, I admit, considerable. But it is not in the power of the Autocrat to terminate or even suspend it by a ukase. His subjects want our manufactures

and our colonial produce, and if they cannot carry on their accustomed interchange with us under the protection of law, they will carry it on in despite of the law. Our commerce with Constantinople is, if I be rightly informed, doubling every year; while at Smyrna it is steadily increasing, though not in the same ratio. Thessalonica has lately demanded an English consul. The inhabitants of the new kingdom of Greece have returned to those agricultural pursuits, to which they are naturally much devoted, and the Piræus, whose very name ceased to be remembered, except by the classic student, in Europe, exhibits the bustle of a crowded and industrious port. Napoli and Patras have been for some years actively engaged in intercourse with England. Corfu is crowded with Greek and English brigs. I reckoned above a hundred ships of all nations, our own as usual conspicuous, in the harbour of Trieste. Venice is recovering from her long lethargy. Ancona has some business, and Naples an important trade with us. Civita Vecchia is by no means abandoned by English merchantmen. Leghorn and Genoa are literally forested with our masts.

Hardly a week passes that our merchant

flags are not seen entering or leaving Palermo. We visit Candia, and sweep the whole of the Syrian and Barbary coasts; every new year trebles our engagements at Alexandria. Marseilles, Toulon, Barcelona, Valencia, and Malaga, have for centuries been accustomed to our merchandize.

Before ten years elapse, the Mediterranean will be traversed in all directions by steam-boats, and in no sea are they so much required on account of the variable and often perplexing winds, and still more provoking calms, by which it has been in all ages characterized. The result must necessarily be, that that vast lake will become the centre for commercial operations emanating from Persia through the Euxine, from Western Asia, Central, Eastern, and Southern Europe, Egypt, and the finest provinces of Africa—operations which, on account of the impulse they are to receive from the employment of steam-communication, will be multiplied to an extent of which it is impossible for us now to conceive even an estimate.

If this system of active commerce demand the presence in the Mediterranean of myriads of our merchant vessels, and if it be admitted,

as I apprehend it must be, that the Power who possesses the Dardanelles under his control might rush out from his strong-hold, whenever it should suit his convenience, capture great numbers of those vessels, and run back again behind his gates with perfect impunity; that would be a state of things not very consonant to the well-understood interests or dignity of the British empire. The Dardanelles must not become another Algiers.

The question, therefore, at which the discussion has now arrived is this: By what process are we to rescind the treaty of Unkiar Skelessi, to rescue Turkey from the power of Russia, and to constitute the Ottoman empire an impregnable barrier against the further encroachment of the northern hordes in that direction?

It is necessary here to observe, that as soon as our government received authentic information as to the conclusion of the secret treaty, they instructed Lord Ponsonby to remonstrate against it at the Porte in the strongest terms. Lord Palmerston also addressed a note to Count Nesselrode, intimating that the British Government disapproved of that transaction, and would act as if it had never taken place. A similar note was addressed to the same

quarter by the French minster for foreign affairs. Count Nesselrode's answer to both these communications was epigrammatic—Russia would act as if those notes had never been written. Such an answer as this was not calculated to soothe the irritation which the clandestine alliance had excited; and the next step on our part was, to demand explanations as to the object of the treaty, from the parties in whose names it had been executed. The reply of the Porte was an evasive commentary on its own copy of the treaty, which it attempted to interpret in a way to lead to a conclusion that the instrument was in effect so much waste paper. Such an interpretation as this naturally suggested the further inquiry, "if your construction be right, then why did such a transaction take place at all?" "To please Russia, in whose power we were—to get away her fleets and troops, as they were no longer required," was the Reis Effendi's reply, given less in words than by a shrug of the shoulder, which was much more sincere than any language could have been on his part under the circumstances.

The explanations of Count Nesselrode were administered in a more diplomatic form, and

even assumed the character of an argument. "You are perfectly aware," said he, "that it is "an ancient regulation of the Ottoman empire "to prohibit ships of war from entering the "straits of the Dardanelles and the Black Sea "in time of peace, and that all the powers "have acquiesced in considering that the Porte "had a right to make that regulation, inasmuch "as the territory on either side of those straits "was her own. We have done no more in the "treaty of Unkiar Skelessi than acknowledge "the justness of that regulation—it acts "against ourselves as well as against you—our "ships are shut out as well as yours—of what "then have you to complain ?"

Such was the substance of an argument clothed in a vast mass of eloquent phraseology, in which the magnanimity of the emperor in quitting the Bosphorus at a moment when, if he were really actuated by views of aggrandizement, he might have realised them without the slightest difficulty, was put forth and extolled as the best interpretation that could be given of the treaty, and indeed the only interpretation worthy of his imperial dignity. Notwithstanding all these subtle and pompous declamations, the discussion, I believe, is still

going on, but in what direction it tends at this moment I am unable to say.*

The reader, however, who will look carefully through the whole of the treaty in question, and especially at the secret article, cannot I apprehend materially differ from the view which I have taken of that instrument. But in order that he shall have the point in dispute placed before him in a still clearer light, I shall here transcribe the eleventh article of the treaty of peace, concluded between Great Britain and the Porte on the 5th of January 1809.

"As ships of war have at all times been "prohibited from entering the canal of Con- "stantinople, *viz.* in the straits of the Dar- "danelles and of the Black Sea, and as this "ancient regulation of the Ottoman empire "*is in future to be observed by every Power* in "time of peace, the Court of Great Britain "promises on its part to conform to this "principle."

It will be observed that this article speaks of two straits—those not only of the Dardanelles, but also of the Black Sea—and that the

* Lord Durham's appointment to the Russian embassy, which has met with universal approbation, will probably solve the leading difficulties of this question.

secret article of Unkiar Skelessi limits itself to the Dardanelles. So far, therefore, there is a most material difference between the two articles. Suppose Russia to be at war with England, and both the Powers to be at peace with Turkey, then the Dardanelles and Bosphorus would be shut against both by one article, but the Dardanelles alone against Russia by the article of Unkiar Skelessi. By this arrangement she obtains a wider range than the Euxine for her ships—would be enabled to provision them at Constantinople, to enter the Sea of Marmora, and convert the Dardanelles into an outpost for the protection of her establishments in the Euxine.

But this is a superficial view of the article, which must be taken in connection with the whole treaty. Under that treaty, it is impossible for Russia to be at war with England without Turkey becoming a party to it on the side of the emperor. The stipulations entitle him, whenever he thinks fit, to demand *secours matériels* from the Porte, not, however, for the purpose of obtaining *secours matériels*, but something else, which it is already agreed shall be given in lieu of them; and that "something else" is the closing of the Darda-

nelles, and the prohibition to all foreign ships of war to enter them, "under any pretext whatever." Assuming for the sake of the argument that the word "foreign" here is applicable to Russia as well as to England, even still the advantage is all on the side of Russia, and to the prejudice of England. The Russian ships would have no desire whatever to come out and encounter ours in the Archipelago or the Mediterranean; but our ships would have every possible motive, and, I fancy, no little desire to go in, to attack the Russians in their own seas, and to destroy their arsenals and naval establishments at Sebastopol.

The whole of the remonstrances, however, which we are fairly entitled to make against the transaction of Unkiar Skelessi resolve themselves into this: that, by its effect, the Porte has ceased to be the mistress of the Dardanelles—that they are liable to be closed at the requisition, which means the command, of Russia; and that Russia, therefore, and no longer Turkey, keeps in her hand the key of those gates. Need I repeat, that that key is the token of something more than the gold ornament we see dangling at the back of an imperial chamberlain: that it is, in fact, the sceptre of the Ottoman dominions!

CHAPTER IV.

Measures suggested—Turkish regeneration—Decline of Fanaticism—Equality of civil rights—The Ottoman Moniteur—Publicity—Judicial institutions—Pressure from without—Payment of indemnity—War—Resistance—Naval armament—Protection.

The reader will, I trust, do me the justice to believe that I have not embarked lightly in this discussion. While I remained in Constantinople, and since my return home, I have devoted to it my best attention. It is a question involving the most important interests of the Turkish people, and very serious interests and national feelings on the part of England and France. I am deeply impressed with the responsibility which any writer assumes, who deals with a topic that may find its issue in a partial or general war, of which, from

every motive of religion, humanity, and civilization, I entertain the utmost abhorrence. My anxious desire is, if an individual may so speak, that the governments and the enlightened classes of the two most powerful nations in Europe shall direct their thoughts to this momentous subject *in time*, in order not to provoke a war, but to prevent it.

The steps to be taken appear to me obvious. We have a treaty with the Porte, whereby it is clearly assumed, as a point agreed to on both sides, that the ancient regulation, prohibiting ships of war, at all times, from entering the two straits of the Dardanelles and the Black Sea, shall in future, so far as the Porte is concerned, "be observed by every power in time of peace." Let a draft of a new treaty be framed on this subject, as isolated from all others; let it be confined to a declaration that the ancient rule shall be rigidly and impartially enforced against "every power," without exception. If such a draft be agreed to by Russia, and I know not how, upon her own principles in defending the treaty of Unkiar Skelessi, she can object to it, the result must be that Turkey will return to her *status quo* before the period of that transaction; that is to

say, the Sultan will be again the sovereign of his own territory.

But it will be said that the Turkish empire is falling to pieces, that it is again in danger of being attacked by Ibrahim Pacha, that Albania is in insurrection, that other provinces are likely to follow its example, and that the Sultan does not possess sufficient power to render his authority respected. Assuming all these assertions to be indisputable, to what do they lead? Are we to be told that the Ottoman sovereign is to stand for ever in need of foreign assistance to suppress the turbulence of his own subjects? If this rule were to be applied to the other states of Europe, no such thing as the practical independence of a nation could exist upon that continent. The subjects of the Sultan are now discontented because they are oppressed by his subordinate officers. Let the causes of complaint be removed, and obedience will return. The individual who wears the ensigns of royalty in Turkey, though a weak and vain prince, happens to have a taste for European institutions and manners: and he has, in point of fact, already made very considerable progress towards an entire revolution in the habits of his

people. He commenced this great enterprize by destroying the Janissaries—a body of men who, with arms in their hands, effectually controlled the state for centuries before his reign, sustained for their own purposes the fanaticism of the lower orders, and fermented every mean and dangerous prejudice and passion throughout the provinces.

The reader will have collected from the preceding pages of this work, that the age of religious frenzy has altogether passed away in Turkey. The Mahometan establishments of an ecclesiastical nature are, very generally, in a ruinous condition; and the people have utterly ceased to attend the mosques in the crowds which formerly displayed so much ardour of devotion to the Koran. The frequent returns of the plague amongst them, its long continuance, its remarkably fatal character, and the wide range of indiscriminate slaughter over which it rushes, as if urged by some supernatural energy, are, to my contemplation, the lurid flashes of a destroying angel's wing, sent to announce the termination of the sway, which, for inscrutable purposes, had been permitted to the doctrines of the false prophet.

It is certain that, within this last year or two, the notion has been generally propagated for the first time among the Turkish inhabitants of Constantinople, that, instead of freely exposing themselves, as they did formerly, to the pestilence, under the impressions which they derived from their doctrines of fatalism, they now begin to understand that they may avoid it by proper precautions. Hence, when the contagion is around them, they shun the polluted atmosphere of the mosques. They have already yielded to the prohibition issued against the use of opium; they are beginning to ventilate and white-wash their houses; they keep at home, nurture their natural good sense, and attend to the education of their families. These are important changes in the habits of the people; and no mathematical demonstration can be clearer than this, that such changes as these are but the precursors of others still more important.

It is a remarkable fact, though unknown in England, where religious differences even very lately produced very serious differences in political privileges and rights, that the most perfect equality in this respect prevails in Turkey. It is not long since a firman was issued securing,

even to the Jews in that country, all the privileges which any other person can enjoy there —an example of toleration which the Parliament of Great Britain and Ireland has still to follow. The Divan, under the directions of the Sultan, has prepared, and commenced putting into execution, extensive plans for the education of the community, without, I believe, any distinction of religion. The plan contemplates the erection of colleges and universities, which of course must require the assistance of time, and of a more abundant treasury than the Sultan can at present command.

An official newspaper, entitled the "Ottoman Moniteur," has been published at Constantinople for the last eighteen months. The Turkish copy, printed in a beautiful type, is first issued, and it is followed in a few days by a French copy, extremely well executed in all its departments. I visited the establishment where these journals are printed, and I saw no inferiority in any of its arrangements to those which supply our own community with intelligence. They had not indeed the steam-press, and now and then an irregularity occurs in the days of publication; but these are defects which may be easily amended. The press exists—it

affords the example of sound, and I must add, even of free discussion, upon the most important subjects: and this is more than any of the northern capitals of Europe can boast of.

The names of the principal public officers throughout the empire are periodically announced in the columns of the "Moniteur." Even this is a proclamation, warning them that they are acting under a responsibility, which is not to be abused with impunity. Their conduct is openly commented upon; and praise and censure are distributed with impartial discrimination, according as merit justifies the one, or malversation the other. The provincial governor can no longer perpetrate any serious outrage upon the personal rights of those placed under his authority. Rules have been established for the guidance of these satraps throughout all the branches of their office; and the slightest departure from those regulations, which evince the utmost regard to the dictates of humanity and justice, is punished in the most exemplary manner.

One would think that Mr. Hume had been lately a member of the Divan; for there is hardly any class of expenditure which has not undergone a thorough revision, with a view to

cut off every source of outlay not absolutely indispensable to the service of the state. Much still remains to be done, with a view to place the internal revenues of Turkey upon a uniform and stable foundation; but this is a difficult task, requiring a higher state of political knowledge, and greater experience in fiscal combinations, than the Divan as yet can possess. Even upon this great subject, however, something has been done, and preparations for more extensive improvements are in progress. The duties payable in Turkish ports upon foreign merchandize are very unequally charged; and the British importer has to complain of the great advantages secured to his Russian rival in this respect by the treaty of Adrianople. Nevertheless, the trade of Turkey with England, as I have already stated, is constantly increasing.

The judicial institutions of Turkey are all based upon principles of simplicity, equity, plain good sense, and economy. In the foundations of its jurisprudence no essential change is required; but the officers charged with its administration are frequently incompetent to the performance of their duties, and open to corruption. These abuses must be wholly eradi-

cated in the course of a few years, if the Sultan be *left free to follow his own course.* So also the ancient municipal institutions of Turkey are famed for their simplicity and excellence in every respect. They only want revival, and the hands and thoughts of honest men to carry them to the highest perfection. Ten years of internal tranquillity actively devoted by the Divan to the completion of all the ameliorations which that body, under the inspiring guidance of the Sultan, has at this moment in view, would prepare the community for the great crowning achievement—a general representative assembly, where the Mahometan, the Armenian, the Greek, and the Jew, might be seen consulting in one common spirit for the welfare of their common country.

I fearlessly maintain, that no such result as this can ever be practicable in Turkey, unless she be protected without delay against the "pressure from without," to borrow a most appropriate phrase from the most distinguished statesman of our age. That pressure is a Russian pressure—it is the smile of a cyclop who is sidling nearer to her every moment, in order that by his mere weight he may at length fall and crush her to the earth. Let us under-

stand each other clearly throughout this discussion, and, above all things, let it be perfectly well felt that that pressure must be removed. Upon this point there must be no reserve. The Russian ambassador must not be "viceroy over the Sultan."

In order to accomplish this object, England and France should guarantee to Russia the payment of the balance of the indemnity now due to the Czar from the Porte; and upon a convention being signed to that effect, Silistria should be evacuated. If such a guarantee be offered and refused, British and French troops should occupy the Chersonesus, or peninsula, which is situated between the Hellespont and the Gulph of Melanis, and the allied fleet should anchor in the Bosphorus. There would, probably, be no necessity for making any pecuniary advances to the Sultan to enable him to meet his engagements; but if a loan of five or six millions sterling be necessary for that purpose, as well as with a view to enable the Sultan "to set his house in order," he will *then* obtain it, without any difficulty whatever, in the London market.

These reasonable arrangements need not be embarrassed by any discussions about Wal-

lachia, Moldavia, or Servia. If I be not much mistaken, these provinces will be enabled in due season to assert and maintain their own independence. Our business is at present with Turkey; and I apprehend that the most phlegmatic statesman can hardly say that there is any thing visionary in the proposed treaty and convention of which I have given the outlines. Should overtures proceed in the spirit of these suggestions from England and France to Russia, and should they be coldly received, trifled with, objected to, reasoned against, refused, let every weapon of diplomacy be blunted in the contest of mind against mind—but quickly—without protocols—without congresses—by means of a few short notes, within a limited time. And finally if all the means of negotiation be exhausted—if the designs of Russia upon Turkey be open and avowed—then let Russia proclaim her unjust WAR!

From the constitution of human society, such as the CREATOR has been pleased to frame it, one community of men has no means of vindicating its own rights and dignity, when deliberately outraged by another, except by superiority of physical force, and of skill and courage in directing the application of that force.

It is to be lamented as a defect, for which no remedy can be found in a peaceable order of things, that no tribunal can possibly be established to which one great nation might appeal for redress when injured by another. Consequently war becomes of itself an institution for the administration of justice, though clothed with terrors, and attended sometimes with a waste of human life which no good man can behold without anguish. But the patriot must forget his heart, when his hand is to be raised for the defence of his country, and of her independence and interests, abroad or at home. It is an imperative duty on us all to avoid war if we can do so with safety—but the moment that safety is brought into question, to talk of forfeiting our national honour in order to spare our blood, is to provoke fresh aggressions until no honour can remain worth the sacrifice of an insect.

If war, then, should become inevitable, let us at once put on our shields. The telegraph has but to whisper to those shapeless masses which have lain for some years reposing like so many stranded whales, on the waters of Chatham, Portsmouth, and Plymouth, and suddenly, as if waking from a long sleep, they

stretch forth their arms, put on their apparel, brace their mighty limbs for the battle and the storm, gather their thunders around them, and unfurling their ensigns, go forth in all the majesty of collected strength, the arbiters of offended justice, the champions of a roused and indignant people, the predestined of victory.

For England, war this year rather than the next—for the next rather than the years to follow—because now we are armed, and Russia has still her period of *eight years* of preparation to complete. Her treasury has been exhausted by her preliminary efforts for the subjugation of Turkey, and by the enormous profusion of her corrupting policy in all quarters of Europe. Besides, a war now would be necessarily a maritime war alone—in a few years hence it would require half a world of troops. No blood would now be shed, if the Chersonesus were occupied, and our fleet were in the Bosphorus. Let us protect the Sultan until he shall have matured the reforms which at present exist principally on paper—until he shall have again become a *Power*—until he shall have recovered Silistria—built new fortresses on the Danube, signed the acts

of absolute independence for Moldavia, Wallachia, and Servia, and opened his first Parliament—then Turkey will be safe ; and whether Christian or Mahometan, as to the majority of its population, it cannot long remain behind the other nations of Europe in the career of prosperity, freedom, and above all of religion.

CHAPTER V.

St. Sophia—Armenian religion—Mustapha—Departure from Constantinople—The Hellespont——Change of climate—Tomb of Patroclus—Greek quadrille—Throwing the ball—Vintage dance—Greek seas—Sirocco—Mytilene—Pocket winds—Gulph of Smyrna—City of Smyrna—Madame Maracinis—"Of course"—Hind cutter.

WHILE I was at Constantinople, two circumstances occurred of a remarkable character—at least the Christians as well as the Turks deemed them so. The Turkish fleet had gone down to the Sea of Marmora for exercise. The Sultan one day went in his steam-boat to inspect them, and as he was ascending to the Admiral's ship, his diamond-hilted ataghan, which was fixed as usual in his cincture, by some accident got entangled with a rope and

fell into the sea! It was the most ancient weapon of that kind in his possession; he wore it on state occasions as one of the most peculiar tokens of his legitimate succession to the throne, and it was now lost beyond all hope of recovery, for the waters were unfathomable!

The same week the capital was visited by a succession of high winds and heavy rains, during which one of the domes of the celebrated temple of St. Sophia, now a mosque, fell in! Like the domes of St. Mark at Venice, the concaves of these structures were ornamented with mosaiques, the *ground* of which, if I may use such an expression in an inverted sense, consisted of small solid squares of glass, gilt under the surface—that is to say, the original glass surface is gilt, and then another surface is added to it by a process of fusion with the details of which I am unacquainted. I went to visit this mosque, without having obtained a firman for the purpose, and saw a number of men engaged in removing the ruins of the dome, amongst which they found an abundance of these mosaique glasses. I bought a few of them as memorials of an event which, taken in coincidence with the other just mentioned, was imagined by many persons to be

ominous of great changes in the Ottoman empire.

I am, I must confess, very much disposed to think that the Armenian form of religion—which is Roman Catholic—will sooner or later prevail over both the Greek and the Mahometan in that country. The Greek priests at Constantinople are a grossly ignorant and mean-looking set of men, who are incapable of exercising any influence whatever on the people around them; whereas the Armenian clergy are well educated, always neatly attired, respectable in their persons, of grave demeanour, and most exemplary conduct. I usually heard mass in one of their churches, and I was struck by the solemnity with which they performed all the offices of the divine service. They have no organs, but they are never without choirs of men, from whose fine bass voices the ancient Gregorian Kyrie Eleison, Gloria in Excelsis, Credo and Canon, came forth like the resound of the primitive ages of the church.

Though unable to enter St. Sophia, I saw sufficient of the building on the outside to prevent me from taking the trouble of procuring a firman. It is a great lumbering-looking edifice, devoid of every feature of architectural

beauty. I went, however, with my friend Mustapha, to visit the mosque of Suliman the Magnificent, which, together with that of the Sultan Mehemet, may be considered as among the finest specimens of Moorish taste now in existence. They are spacious, airy, and extremely graceful-looking edifices; but they have an unfinished appearance in the interior, for they are *still* without their *destined* altars!

Mustapha, by the way, is a character, and a good one. I believe he was originally a Maltese; he speaks English well, and has lived with the successive British consuls at Pera for more than twenty years. He is the consul's factotum, and for this reason, found it convenient to adopt the turban. Whenever I wanted his assistance to go over the mosques or bazaars, Mr. Cartwright most kindly gave him permission to attend me. He is a cheerful, willing, intelligent fellow, with a look of *bonhommie* which at once prepossessed me in his favour. He is full of anecdote, never tired of walking or talking, and feels it a point of honour not to let an Englishman depart from Stamboul without having seen "all the lions," including even the "slave-market," which I regret to say still exists. However, I am assured that this dis-

grace to the metropolis of a reforming sultan will soon be removed. Having staid ten days at Constantinople, I became anxious to set out on my way home, and accordingly took my passage for Smyrna in the *Spitfire* sailing packet which, luckily for me, had been detained a week beyond its usual time, by the continued prevalence of southerly winds. Towards evening, on the day after I made my engagement with the captain, the wind changed to the north, and as every thing had been prepared, our anchor was raised at eight o'clock (26th Oct.) and we proceeded down the Marmora with all our canvass right before the breeze. I turned into my berth at ten, and never awoke until seven the next morning, when I was delighted to find that we were rapidly approaching the Hellespont. The morning was misty, but soon after we passed Gallipoli, and entered that celebrated canal, the sun shone out, and displayed in bright colours the castles of Abydos and Sestos. The captain, Mitchell, an Englishman, an excellent sailor, a truly hospitable provider, and in every way an obliging and well-conducted person, pointed out to us the spot whence Lord Byron swam across the sea from one shore to the other. The beauties of the Hellespont are

not to be compared with those of the Bosphorus. The hills on either side are low and monotonous; nevertheless, here and there a cottage prettily situated, a garden neatly cultivated, a brook shining in its silver path down the gentle declivity, brought back to my mind in brilliant colours those happy thoughts of early days, when Homer and Euripides were seldom out of my hands. The former, by the way, though he frequently mentions the Hellespont, usually designates it as the "broad Hellespont," an epithet to which no one would think it entitled who had ever entered it for the first time, from the sea of Marmora. It is very nearly as narrow as the Bosphorus as far as the Dardanelles, where it opens into a magnificent sheet of water, which probably the bard had frequently contemplated from the Trojan shore.

I had heard that vast preparations were in progress for repairing and strengthening the fortifications of the Dardanelles, both on the European and Asiatic banks of the strait; but I observed no symptom of activity about them, though in consequence of the wind failing us just as we came in sight of the castles, we were obliged to tack from side to side, and thus obtained a near view of both. We sailed slowly

by the Troy founded by Alexander, on what he deemed to be the ruins of the Troy of Homer. The topographers have settled the controversies upon this subject by assigning to the latter what is now a barren plain—but though barren and desolate to the eye, teeming with memories destined only to perish with the sun by which, as we passed, they were illuminated.

We all felt to be in a new climate—the climate of the ripened spring, as the mountains of Ipsara, Tenedos, and Mytilene rose upon our vision. The air was clear and warm; and the sky, and waters, and distant hills were clad in the same transparent robes of azure. Here and there upon the "broad Hellespont" Greek boats, with their striped picturesque sails, were crossing the waves, or stealing along the shore, where the landscape was animated by flocks of sheep and goats, and peopled by the creations of a mind that to this hour has found no rival amongst a race of beings to which he scarcely seemed to belong.

I by no means regretted the faithlessness of our breeze, while we remained for hours becalmed in such a sea—the "broad Hellespont" —within view of the tomb of Patroclus, the companion, the Mentor, the champion of Achil-

les, and of the scenes of their matchless glory. The captain told me that some of the ancient games and dances, described by Homer as practised at the funeral of Patroclus, were still in some degree imitated in parts of Asia Minor which he had visited, especially the dance, which, from his meagre account of it, I collected to be that of the Labyrinth, the most general and fascinating "quadrille" of antiquity. The figure was arranged on the idea of the famous Labyrinth of Crete, and according to the fashion which Dædalus prescribed for Ariadne. Youths and maidens of distinction assembled together arrayed in their most splendid attire. The ladies, who had previously bathed and anointed their delicate limbs with fragrant oil, appeared in snow-white flowing vests, which were bound across the bosom with golden clasps, and cinctured beneath it with a golden zone fringed deeply with the same costly material. The vest extended to the ancles. The feet, to the shape and lustre of which the greatest attention was paid, were bound, or rather displayed, in beautiful light sandals. The arms were uncovered from that part where the armlet of gold, or precious stones, was clasped round the short sleeve of the vest, and the nails

were dyed with a roseate hue, justifying the epithet of rosy-fingered. The shining hair was braided and pressed by a wreath of flowers on this occasion, though in most other instances of public appearance the head was more timidly concealed under a veil, which hung like a bright cloud over the countenance, and flowed abundantly on the back and bosom. Golden pendants, enriched with jewels, were suspended from the ears, which were pierced for the purpose, and a necklace of amber beads, connected by links of gold, completed the costume.

The youths were clad in fine tunics of glazed linen, and they wore their falchions sheathed in gold, and suspended by silver belts. The youths, each holding his partner by the hand, all stood up in a circle, and after various evolutions to the music of a harp, the object of which was to imitate the windings of the Labyrinth, they resumed their original positions, and then, mingling their voices in unison with that of the bard, they sung, while two professional tumblers wheeled their course down and back through a passage opened for them in the middle.

The performers were most admired when their steps were most rapid, and at intervals

they smote the earth with the whole measure of the foot, stamping to the time of the music. After the dance was concluded, the Bard sung to his harp some comic or sprightly theme, such as the loves of Mars and Venus, and the ingenious stratagem which Vulcan formed in order to detect them. This was a favourite semi-dramatic composition, and the ludicrous situation of the hero and the beauty in the golden net, as well as that of the blubbering, limping blacksmith of the skies, as depicted by the Bard, uniformly excited shouts of laughter. It is said that this piece was the first that gave rise to comedy.

The interlude being finished, and the applause by which it was generally followed having subsided, two youths of distinction, who excelled in dancing, advanced into the circle. They first received a ball, covered with purple, which one, bending back, threw into the air. The other jumping high, received it in his hand before his feet touched the ground. When they had thus preluded awhile, they displayed their utmost skill in dancing, and during the performance they mutually interchanged the purple ball. The prince of the district, the male part of his family, and a great crowd of

the people, attended these entertainments. They took place in the middle of the day, were conducted with great regularity, and were manifestly productive of the greatest gratification to the spectators.

The love of dancing was common to all orders of society, in ancient, especially Asiatic, Greece. What can be more delightful than the picture which is presented to us by Homer, of the close of an evening in the vintage season? When the gatherers made up their last baskets of the mellow grapes, they proceeded homeward, youths and maidens as they were, in a processional order. In the midst of the line a boy sounded a shrill harp, which best suited his young voice, as well as the delicate tones of the female vintagers who accompanied it. They bounded, rather than danced, along the path, snapping their fingers together, the virgins singing to the music, the youths marking each cadence with a loud shout.

During the long winter nights they often amused themselves with tales, which each person told in turn. Bards and roving mendicants were particularly prized for the entertainment which they afforded in this way. The state of society was also such as to furnish many inte-

resting materials for these narratives. The servant sitting at the fireside, after tending the flocks all day, or driving the plough, or finishing his household labours, was, perhaps, notwithstanding his menial situation, the son of wealthy, or even princely, parents, living in some remote island, from whose protection he was kidnapped in early youth, and sold as a slave by the avaricious Phœnicians, or other inhuman pirates of the age. He would relate the stories and customs of his country, or the adventures and perils which he encountered on his voyage. These were often marvellous enough, or made so by the genius which the Greeks have always had for fiction.

There is a beauty about these seas which must be seen in order to be fully appreciated. The waters are so transparent that I could very clearly see the fishes disporting themselves at some distance beneath the surface. The atmosphere is so pure, and the sky so serene, that every object moving in the sea, or visible on the land, was defined in all that exactness of form which stamps the picture as the work of a master. The sails of distant vessels coming down or going up the Hellespont, looked as white as snow.

The sun set behind the peak of Tenedos, and we floated onwards with baffling winds until we passed Cape Baba, where we were met by the sirocco, or south wind, which I experienced for the first time, and found rather uncomfortable. The stars shone out in all their radiance, and the mountains and headland heights stood out distinctly revealed, not a vapour streaking the boundless firmament.

Our cutter rolled a good deal during the night, the wind blowing right against us. We contrived, however, to work our way the following morning (28th October) into Sigri, an excellent little harbour in the western coast of the island of Mytilene, where we cast anchor. We were scarcely snug in our berth when a hard gale came on, and continued to blow the greater part of the day; even the waters in the harbour were so much agitated that we were unable to go ashore for several hours. Three or four merchant brigs came in soon after us, apparently pleased with their good fortune in having escaped the fury of the storm.

Towards evening I went ashore with the captain. The village was crowded with Turkish pilgrims, who had landed from two of the

brigs, which were bound for Alexandria. The village was a picture of wretchedness, protected by an old fortification, which I attempted to enter, but the guard refused me permission to pass beyond the gates. I went into an old mosque, the minaret of which had fallen down; the whole building threatened to follow its example. I bought some melons and grapes, which were tolerably good. Port dues were demanded of us, which, after some negotiation, the captain paid.

When we returned to the cutter the sea was perfectly calm in our harbour. A fine turtle floated on the surface, but it disappeared before we could catch it "napping." The sun set in more than ordinary splendour behind the small high island of Istrate, at some distance from us, but his last rays continued to glow for awhile upon the varied and rugged heights of Mytilene. A golden flood of light was in the air behind Istrate, while the skies all around were tinged with a roseate hue. At night lightnings played on the Lesbian hills around us, and the fishes that came now and then to the surface of the waves sparkled like fire flies, with all the beauteous colours of the rainbow. Not a star was to be seen in the upper regions of the

heavens, which were as dark as the face of an Ethiop.

We got under weigh at eight in the morning (29th), and proceeded on our course towards Smyrna, leaving behind us the brigs, which we were informed had been contending for the last seven days against the south winds, so that our friendly breeze seemed not to have at all passed beyond the Dardanelles. I remarked this to our captain, who observed, in his good-humoured way, "Lord bless you! sir, nothing is surprising in the Egean seas. I can assure you that I have often seen four or five ships, who had been together for awhile, all tack off suddenly in different, and even opposite, directions, as if each captain had a wind of his own in his pocket!" In point of fact, our northern ally did not accompany us even so far as the Dardanelles; we were borne beyond them by the current, which set down through the Hellespont, so that we literally outran our wind.

Ipsara came in sight, but was soon lost again amidst the vapours brought on by a squall which compelled us to ride under bare poles. Then the sun shone out as brilliantly as ever, disclosing towards the south the magnificent mountain ranges of Chios, those

of Mytilene still frowning on our left in all their ruggedness. We passed by the mouth of the harbour of Caloni, which runs into the middle of the island. The weather continued squally and variable until evening, when the north wind, having again conquered all his foes, found us out once more, and we steered right for the gulph of Smyrna. A heavy sea rolled out against us from the Gulph of Sandarlick, against which we had to contend for some time; at length we found ourselves on the smooth waters of the Gulph of Smyrna, and proceeded gallantly on our way, although the rain poured down in torrents, and the atmosphere was loaded with vapour. The wind having again failed in his duties towards us, we were obliged, very much against our captain's usual disposition, to let go the anchor at ten o'clock.

Our admirable little cutter was once more under full sail at daybreak (30th). The shores of the Bay of Smyrna were unfortunately covered with dense clouds; these, however, cleared off partially now and then, and opened views of scenery, which, when beheld in all their extent and beauty, are, I have been informed, very little inferior to those of the bay of Naples. The

bay of Smryna is wholly surrounded by hills, some of which are curiously peaked; and beneath them, towards the sea, are olive plantations, gardens, groves, villas, mosques, and minarets, dispersed with the most picturesque effect.

The city of Smyrna was soon within sight, and before it were anchored upwards of a hundred vessels of all nations, including an Austrian ship of war, bearing the flag of Admiral Dandolo, and the British cutter *Hind*, commanded by Lieutenant Coleman. The wind blew strongly almost right against us, which compelled our captain to tack constantly almost from shore to shore, under full sail, the edge of our vessel, and sometimes the mainsail itself, being washed by the rough and foaming waves. It was well that we had the utmost confidence in our captain's discretion, as otherwise it is very certain, according to the opinion of several English seamen, who observed our course with great anxiety, that we had too much canvas spread, and that we ran every moment the risk of running under the waters altogether to an unexpected grave.

At ten we happily anchored, but it was noon before we could land, on account of the violent agitation of the sea. I went to Madame Mara-

cini's very comfortable hotel, where I took up my quarters. I lost no time however in proceeding to Salvo's, the great resort of our naval officers, where some eight or ten midshipmen were engaged at billiards. They informed me that the British fleet was at Vourla, a well sheltered harbour on the southern shore towards the mouth of the gulph; that H. M. S. the *Portland*, which had joined the fleet a few days before, was ordered to proceed to Napoli, to relieve the *Madagascar*, which was going home, but that it must have departed the evening before, and that I had no chance of being in time to procure a passage to Greece.

Upon further enquiry I learned that a small packet plied regularly between Smyrna and Napoli; that it had sailed for that destination a few days before; would have to perform a quarantine of seven days; then return, wait for ten days at Smyrna, and then sail again for Napoli. This was still more disagreeable intelligence, as the idea of being obliged to remain at Smyrna for nearly three weeks was by no means in accordance with my views. By some accident I learned that a Mr. Lewis, brother of the English clergyman who is stationed at Smyrna, had been lately at Vourla, and that

he could probably give me some information as to the movements of the *Portland*. I found this gentleman at his brother's residence, and learned from him that his leave of absence as a military officer being expired he was desirous of obtaining a passage to Greece, and thence to Malta on his way home; that he had been a week ago to Vourla, heard that the *Portland* was daily expected, but that as soon as it had shipped on board the *Caledonia* two thousand stand of arms, which it was to bring out, it would not delay a moment in getting under weigh for Napoli, and that " of course" it had already gone.

Now these words " of course" have, under all circumstances, appeared to me to be the least convincing phrases of argument in our language. I perfectly well knew that my good friend the north wind, which only the evening before had blown right into the gulph, would have necessarily detained the *Portland* at Vourla; that during the whole morning the weather was rough, and the wind variable, and that if the *Portland* had departed at all, it most certainly had not gone " of course," unless, like some of the magical vessels described by my late captain, it had got in its pocket a wind of

its own. I paid a visit to the *Hinde* cutter, where I was received in the handsomest manner by Lieutenant Coleman, who rather to my annoyance seemed altogether ignorant of the words "of course." They were not in his dictionary. The *Portland*, he said, had arrived four days ago, was under immediate orders for sailing to Napoli, and *must* have gone. What! with the wind against her? Yes—she was *ordered* to be off, and must have tacked out! He then took me to his cabin, and produced a decanter of capital sherry and some biscuits; whereupon we talked away as if we had been the most intimate friends of forty years. On my taking leave he said that he was going down to the fleet the next morning, and if I had any fancy for taking a peep at that superb spectacle, he would be most happy to give me a passage, which would only occupy two or three hours if the wind were fair. I readily accepted his offer. On returning from the *Hinde* I called on my late friends of the *Spitfire*, who assured me that the agent of the fleet had still some stores to transmit to the *Portland*, and that, considering the state of the weather, which had again become squally, it would be impossible for that ship to "be off" until the next

morning. "Now, I know," said Walker, "that you are a lucky fellow, and that if you "be not wanting to yourself, you will get your "passage to Greece."

CHAPTER VI.

Voyage to Vourla—The British Fleet—The *Portland*—Captain Price—My hammock—Bocca Silota—Cape Colonna—Greece enslaved—Greece free—Greek Climate—Reign of mind—Thracian poetry—The great Heaven—Olympus—The gods—Fatalism—Death—Predictions—Inspiration—Tokens of woe—Immortality—Superstitions—Homer—Christianity.

THERE were several Englishmen, French, and Americans, at Madame Maracini's table where I joined them at dinner. I soon after retired to bed, and slept until five o'clock the next morning, having kept a lamp lighted all night, lest I might be "wanting to myself." When I rose, paid my short account at Madame's, very much to her regret that it was not "a little longer," and was "off" with all my baggage for the *Hinde*. We sailed at half past seven for Vourla, every body on board being "quite convinced,"

that the *Portland* had gone. In about an hour and a-half, we arrived within telescopic view of the fleet, when I heard a young gentleman, who was on the look-out, announce that a ship was getting under weigh. Every telescope on board was immediately in requisition, and in a few minutes it was agreed on all hands that the ship, which had already proceeded on her first tack to depart from the gulph, was no other than the *Portland*, which "of course" had already gone—which *must* have gone—which was under immediate orders and could not have avoided obeying those orders in spite of wind and weather!

We neared the fleet rapidly, and Lieutenant Coleman fortunately having letters for Captain Price, commander of the *Portland*, made a signal to the Admiral's ship to that effect, which was immediately answered by another signal addressed to the *Portland*, desiring her to wait for letters. I was in the humour to be pleased with every thing; but even if that had not been the case, I should have been insensible to all great impressions, if I had not admired the superb spectacle which was now spread before me. Vourla is a village about five leagues to the south-west of Smyrna. The bay

85031

is one of the best for stationary quarters on the whole of the Asiatic coast. It is protected from the winds that blow up the gulph from the Egean by a bold and lofty promontory, and from the land-winds by mountains which stretch round the shore. Within the bay the whole British fleet was anchored, consisting of the *Caledonia*, 110 guns; the *Britannia*, 110 guns; the *Thunderer*, 84; the *Canopus*, 84; the *Talavera*, 74; the *Edinburgh*, 74; the *Endymion* frigate, 50; the *Childers* brig; the *Scout* sloop; and the *Medea* steamer, which had just arrived in eleven days from England.

The flag of the admiral, Sir Josias Rowley, was flying on board the *Caledonia*, which looked like an immense fortification floating on the waters. When we approached sufficiently near, our boat was lowered, and the transfer to it of all my luggage, of four seamen, Lieutenant Coleman, and myself, was but the operation of a moment. In a few minutes I ascended the ladder of the *Caledonia*, was introduced to the admiral, stated my request for a passage on board the *Portland* to Napoli, sanctioning my motion by exhibiting my letters of introduction to all our foreign ministers on the route home; obtained an order for my

passage, as desired; told the fine old admiral all the news of Constantinople; saw him sign the order produced by his secretary, which was given in charge of an officer of the *Caledonia*, whose jolly-boat was waiting to take us to the *Portland*; committed myself to the said boat; flew along the waves, which gave us occasionally a good drenching; arrived alongside the *Portland*, which had slackened sail; mounted the deck where most of the officers were assembled; made my bow to Captain Price, who, upon reading the order, received me in the kindest manner; shook hands with the officer who had attended me; saw his boat off, and myself perfectly at home on the shining deck of the *Portland*. Since that moment the words "of course," and "I am quite convinced" have been blotted out from my vocabulary.

Never having sailed in a man-of-war before, I now found myself in a world altogether new to my habits, but extremely interesting, as a sphere full of peculiarities, which immediately engaged all my faculties of observation. The *Portland*, of fifty-two guns, having on board 420 men, is one of the handsomest ships in our navy. The perfection of system, the rapidity,

the silence with which every change of sail was effected, were among the first objects that won my applause. We had baffling winds to contend against, and necessarily resorted to every kind of tack which might enable us to cheat our atmospheric foes, and escape from the gulph. The arrangements for combining the strength of parties of men in different quarters, for the purpose of accomplishing the same object—the precision with which the successive manœuvres were executed—the suddenness with which the deserted deck was crowded—the crowded deck deserted—as if the men were called from their tombs, and sent back to them by the voice of an enchanter, were to me surprising in the extreme.

Captain Price and I speedily became friends. He had the goodness to invite me to his own table, whither we were summoned at three o'clock, by the band playing the "roast beef of old England," a tune that brought up all the associations of my early childhood, as I had not heard it since that stage of my existence. The first lieutenant, Burridge, who has the name, (and, I believe, from what fell under my observation, most deservedly) of being one of the best seamen in that class of his Ma-

jesty's service), sat at the foot of the table; the purser, Mr. Cooper, and two or three other gentlemen were present. All were much interested in hearing the news from Constantinople, to which, according to my notion, an excellent dinner, graced by a bottle or two of champagne, imparted a most agreeable zest. Tea soon followed in the captain's cabin, where I might have easily imagined myself in a London drawing-room, fitted out in a very elegant manner. The hospitable occupant opened his collection of books for my amusement; assigned a writing-table to my use, furnished with the usual implements; desired me to consider his cabin as my own during the voyage; and, more than once, laughingly congratulated me upon my singular good fortune in reaching the *Portland* at the very instant of departure.

We remained in sight of the fleet almost the whole day: towards evening, ship after ship began to fade from our horizon; and, at length, a formidable wind springing up, we turned Cape Burnu and made for the Bocca Silota. A hammock was prepared for me in the room next to the cabin, and curtained by a large signal flag which reached nearly from one side

of the apartment to the other. The stepping stool to my couch was a cannon, mounted, and prepared to ask any friend at the wrong side of my castle a civil question, if it should become necessary. Captain Price's hammock was suspended at the opposite end of the same apartment, and curtained in the same manner. During the night there was what sailors call a "stiff breeze," amounting almost to a storm. But a hammock is certainly an invention handed down among men from the days of Paradise. It combines every requisite for wooing one to sleep—and that sleep too as much superior to the lethargy of a four-post feather bed, as genuine old Madeira or Sherry, is to what the gods of Lombard Street call "London Particular."

Unless the *Portland* could be turned upside down by any chance, my individual body cared no more for tempests than if they were the breath of a sleeping kitten. I certainly felt my repository, during some unascertainable part of the night, describing a very considerable segment of a circle, in consequence of the plunging of our vessel through the angry waves. Nevertheless, I knew I was under the care of my countrymen, and that my simple

business was to sleep on—a business which, I may say, I executed to my own entire satisfaction, until seven o'clock the following day (1st November), when, saluting the beauteous, clear, cold, morning, I found that we had passed through the Bocca Silota, and were already leaving the mountains of the Negropont and the island of Andros behind us.

Tyne soon was visible far on our left, and beyond it we thought we could perceive through the telescope even Myconi and Delos. Syra was distinctly seen. We passed between Macronisi and Zea, Thermia being in the distance. While we were looking for the latter, the smoke of a steam-boat, which was passing below the verge of our horizon, was discerned. I conjectured that this was the boat which had been expected for some days at Smyrna, in order to proceed to the Black Sea and the Danube, for the purpose of completing the steam-navigation of that river. Captain Price hoped it was a special steamer from England, charged with dispatches for the fleet, and ordering the admiral to sail for the Bosphorus. My supposition turned out, however, to be the right one; although, for reasons most probably altogether Russian, the steam-naviga-

tion of the Danube, has not been, to this hour, extended beyond Galacz. The boat, however, is now well employed between Smyrna and Constantinople, where it is established as a regular packet.

We were almost becalmed at the entrance of the Gulf of Athens. To be detained, however, by any circumstance, in such a sea, amid the isles that "crown the Egean deep," in the neighbourhood of Sunium, whose immortal associations, as Lord Byron truly said, "gleam along the wave," the sixteen columns of Minerva's celebrated temple recalling the most glorious ages of Greece, should be considered, instead of a disappointment, a peculiarly fortunate circumstance.

And yet how lovely in thine age of woe,
Land of lost gods and godlike men! art thou!
Thy vales of evergreen, thy hills of snow,
Proclaim thee Nature's varied favourite now;
Thy fanes, thy temples, to thy surface bow,
Commingling slowly with heroic earth,
Broke by the share of every rustic plough:
So perish monuments of mortal birth,
So perish all in turn, save well-recorded worth;

Save where some solitary column mourns
Above its prostrate brethren of the cave;
Save where Tritonia's airy shrine adorns

Colonna's cliff,* and gleams along the wave;
Save o'er some warrior's half-forgotten grave,
Where the gray stones and unmolested grass
Ages, but not oblivion, feebly brave,
While strangers only not regardless pass,
Lingering like me, perchance, to gaze, and sigh, 'Alas!' "

" Yet are thy skies as blue, thy crags as wild;
Sweet are thy groves, and verdant are thy fields;
Thine olive ripe as when Minerva smiled:
And still his honied wealth Hymettus yields;
There the blythe bee his fragrant fortress builds,
The free-born wanderer of thy mountain air;
Apollo still thy long, long summer gilds

---

* " In all Attica," says the poet, " if we except Athens itself and Marathon, there is no scene more interesting than Cape Colonna. To the antiquary and artist, sixteen columns are an inexhaustible source of observation and design; to the philosopher, the supposed scene of some of Plato's conversations will not be unwelcome; and the traveller will be struck with the beauty of the prospect over '*Isles that crown the Ægean deep*:' but for an Englishman, Colonna has yet an additional interest, as the actual spot of Falconer's Shipwreck. Pallas and Plato are forgotten, in the recollection of Falconer and Campbell:—

'Here in the dead of night by Lonna's steep,
The seaman's cry was heard along the deep.'

This temple of Minerva may be seen at sea from a great distance. In two journies which I made, and one voyage to Cape Colonna, the views from either side, by land, was less striking than the approach from the isles."

Still in his beam Mendeli's marbles glare;
Art, Glory, Freedom fail, but Nature still is fair.

Where'er we tread 'tis haunted, holy ground,
No earth of thine is lost in vulgar mould,
But one vast realm of wonder spreads around,
And all the Muse's tales seem truly told;
Till the sense aches with gazing to behold
The scenes our earliest dreams have dwelt upon:
Each hill and dale, each deepening glen and wold
Defies the power which crushed thy temples gone:
Age shakes Athena's tower, but spares gray Marathon.

It was to me a fresh source of delight, which Lord Byron could not have enjoyed, during his visit to these scenes, that they were no more the land of the slave; that their "foreign lord" was expelled, and that, however beautiful the following stanzas may be, they have already lost all application to the present state of Greece:—

"The sun, the soil, but not the slave, the same;
Unchanged in all except its foreign lord—
Preserves alike its bounds and boundless fame,
The battle-field, where Persia's victim horde
First bow'd beneath the brunt of Hella's sword,
As on the morn, to distant glory dear,
When Marathon became a magic word;
Which utter'd, to the hearer's eye appear
The camp, the host, the fight, the conqueror's career,

The flying Mede, his shaftless broken bow;
The fiery Greek, his red pursuing spear;
Mountains above, Earth's, Ocean's plain below;
Death in the front, Destruction in the rear!
Such was the scene—What now remaineth here?
What sacred trophy marks the hallow'd ground,
Recording Freedom's smile and Asia's tear?
The rifled urn, the violated mound,
The dust thy courser's hoof, rude stranger! spurns around.

Something more than the "rifled urn," the "violated mound," and the "dust" spurned by the courser's hoof, does after all remain to Greece, notwithstanding the centuries she has passed under the oppression of more than one foreign master. I beheld Sunium restored to more than its ancient freedom, newly risen from the shades of a long night of calamity, and preparing to receive all the blessings which a condition of civilized independence can bestow upon a country.

Our first intention was, to have steered between Hydra and the shore of the mainland; but there being a strong probability that, if the wind carried us far within the island, it would altogether abandon us there, we changed our course to a more southerly direction, hoping that some friendly god would send us a pocket-full of wind, sufficient to impel our sails

towards the Gulf of Napoli. But Æolus and his crew were all fast asleep; not a breath moved along the waters, and we lay all the night like a restless spirit, gadding slowly about, star-gazing.

I had often heard and read much of the climate of Greece; but all my conceptions of it fell short of the reality. I know of no principle in nature upon which the character and the boundaries of a climate can be so clearly defined as they appear in these seas. An irregular diagram, including Argos, Corinth, all Attica, the "broad Hellespont," Lemnos, and the Lesbian isle, Chios, Samos, Patmos, and Crete —an area crowded with islands, which, so far as we saw them, seemed at a distance to float on the waters literally like specks of cloud, would comprehend, judging from what I had witnessed myself and learned from our pilot, not only a portion of the surface of the globe, but also of the sky, and of the atmosphere, peculiarly cheering to the senses, on account of the golden hues that are always in the firmament, the beautiful repose and brightness that smile every where on the land, and the never-changing, admirable azure of the waves. Even during the nights, in fine weather, these fea-

tures scarcely vanish from the scene. But they are arrayed in their most resplendent loveliness just after the sun has retired, or at the moment the curtains of the east are drawn back that he may again behold the favourite region of his dominions.

It is no wonder that such a climate produced Homer, Sappho, Euripides, Demosthenes, Plato, and those other illustrious poets, authors, and historians, whose names are even more familiar amongst us than those of the most distinguished men of our own age and country. The feelings of rapture created by the influence of the pure atmosphere and the cloudless sky, are subdued by the gentle whispers of the sea, and the perfect stillness of the mountains. Mind reigns in all her power amidst such Elysian scenes. The grosser thoughts associated with the tumult of life, seldom cast their shade upon the intellect that here cultivates, with true devotion, the impulses which lead to renown.

But it is indeed surprising that a people gifted as the Greeks were with such a climate, and territory, and sea, and men of such transcendant genius, could have accepted from the Egyptians, or have cherished amongst them-

selves that strange and absurd system of polytheism which prevailed for ages over all their nations. It is even probable that the early poets of Thrace, who exercised the functions of the priesthood, extended very considerably the hints they had originally received from the neighbourhood of the Nile. They not only gave corporeal substance, passions, and human imperfections to the ideal gods of Egypt, but they multiplied their number beyond all bounds of computation, and assigned them a fixed celestial abode on the verge of their own horizon. They further peopled all nature with immortal and happy spirits, which were akin to the heavenly powers, and exercised an uncontrolled jurisdiction over the mountains and vales, the woodlands and rivers, and lesser brooks, the gloomy forest, and unfathomable ocean. To relate the genealogy of these various gods and goddesses, nymphs and dryads; to ascertain their peculiar attributes and dispositions; to describe their occupations, and to define the crimes which offended, and the expiations which appeased them, were the most common themes of primitive Greek poetry.

Their chief ruler and principal powers usually resided in a region of the firmament,

high *above* the mountain of Olympus. There, in an island of their own, whose foundations were of imperishable brass, and which was all over floored with gold, each divinity had a separate mansion of metallic construction, divided into apartments. The palace of Jove had a council-hall arranged with benches for the senate of the skies; a hall for banquets decorated with his throne and subordinate couches of gold; a nuptial chamber, and a fragrant cabinet rich in immortal apparel, where his queen composed her charms, and which was secured from intrusion by a brazen door and bolt, mysterious to all in heaven but herself. Vulcan, who framed these edifices, did not forget to give all the beauties of his art to his own habitation, where his ponderous anvils resounded from morning to night. The same sun which poured light on earth, illumined also this ethereal region, and when that fire went down to ocean, the same darkness reigned over both. Had it been in the power of man to pile Ossa on Olympus, and on Ossa the forest-crowned Pelion, he might have invaded this heavenly empire.

A vast dense cloud formed the gate of the great heaven, which was the peculiar charge of the vigilant Hours; to them also was consigned

the care of Mount Olympus, the favourite resort of the gods when they wished to descend from their more lofty abode and take a nearer view of the proceedings of mankind. This mountain was a kind of free territory, common alike to the powers of air, ocean, and hell, and in this respect differed in nothing from earth, which was equally subject to their visitations. When they had occasion to repair to either earth or Olympus, they drove thither in chariots, prodigally decorated with gold and silver, and drawn by immortal coursers, which, at every bound they made, traversed as much of the horizon as the human eye can measure.

We are not to suppose, however, that whether the gods assembled in the great heaven, or on Olympus, they always enjoyed uninterrupted happiness. Though they had ichor in their veins instead of blood, because they lived on ambrosia and nectar, and though they exulted in an immortal existence, still they had every one of them human hearts and frailties. They were susceptible of love, hatred, envy, revenge, and violent anger, not only with respect to the inhabitants of earth, but towards each other. They were capable of deception. They seldom had fixed, not to say immutable resolves.

Capricious, choleric, and short-sighted, they felt most delighted when they could counteract the counsels of their peers, or disobey the mandates of their sovereign. He ruled only by his thunders; to his wisdom little deference was paid, to his beneficence less. In fact, heaven was nothing more than a commonwealth, with a tyrannical dictator, and alternately swayed by furious adverse factions. Resembling men so much in disposition, they did not much differ from them as to their outward appearance. Their forms were indeed somewhat more majestic and graceful; their apparel was more superb; and there was a certain glory about them which discovered their divinity—nothing more.

Although that internal sense of dependence on a divine power, which accompanies man in whatever climate he breathes, taught these communities the necessity of seeking the protection of heaven, still they do not seem to have had a deep and satisfied confidence in the efficacy of the modes which they adopted to obtain it. They practised them; they frequently endeavoured to communicate with the gods by orisons, which were held in peculiar esteem. But the very next hour they would upbraid their patrons for inflicting adversity

upon men, who did every thing to gratify them. This however was the result of despair, rather than of defiance. We know of but very few instances in which the prerogatives of Jove were treated with positive contempt, and these were supposed to have been avenged in an exemplary manner. Generally they entertained towards the gods a sullen, superstitious fear, which was redeemed by no quality of affection. The only inhabitant of heaven who was truly loved was Hermes, the friend of man.

Fatalism was undoubtedly the doctrine of the multitude; nor was it very injurious to their happiness, since they conceived it to be their duty to bear patiently the ills of life, under the impression that they proceeded from above. They had an innate consciousness that they were ever watched by a superintending Providence, whose interposition in their affairs, either for an adverse or prosperous issue, they thought they could frequently observe.

What could they hope for without the protection of the gods? All men stood in perpetual need of it. They were the weakest, the most miserable of creatures that breathed, or crept, on earth! They, like the leaves on the trees, flourished for awhile, deriving their

nutriment from the soil beneath, but when the appointed season came, they faded and fell, quite sapless. All men were assuredly destined to die; it was the condition of their birth, and at the moment of their birth the hour of their dissolution was irrevocably fixed. When once the soul escaped from the body no power could recall it.

Being so strongly persuaded of the omnipotence of fate, it does not appear strange, that, almost from the period when the country first received inhabitants, they deluded themselves with various means for obtaining an insight into that futurity which they supposed to have been already arranged. The actual occurrence sometimes of circumstances, which had been previously indicated in dreams, led men in the earliest ages of the world to attend with mysterious wonder to these visions of the the night. Occasional, or accidental success in foreboding, on such conjectural grounds, events which afterwards took place, conferred on some individuals the reputation of prophecy, which they themselves were not slow to justify and improve. Some dreams were true, others fallacious; but in man's ignorance of the future, their most minute shades were examined and magnified as portentous.

When human superstition advanced thus far, it was not difficult for a famous interpreter of dreams to induce his disciples to believe that he derived his skill from unearthly inspiration, and that he could foretell events by the aid of that inspiration alone. Thus oracles arose. That of Dodona was in the early ages well known and frequently consulted. The responses were at first delivered from a lofty oak, but it was from an early period the centre of a regular college or association of prophets, who slept always on the ground, and habituated themselves in other respects to an austere discipline. The oracle at Delphi was still more celebrated. It was consulted by Priam and Agamemnon before the Trojan war, and was honoured with a temple of polished marble which was roofed. The riches which it contained, in consequence of the golden tripods and other valuable articles presented to the god of the oracle, were calculated by Achilles to be at least equal to the accumulated wealth of Troy, before that city was besieged. This oracle was also attended by an order of Seers.

These men are generally represented as distinguished for probity, virtue, and even philosophy. They found their way into the

councils of princes as domestic prophets. Their advice was generally listened to with a deference which was due not less to their piety than their wisdom. Such was the influence which they exercised over the human mind, that royal mothers did not hesitate, when they commanded it, to expose on the mountains their loveliest and dearest offspring. Besides interpreting dreams, and explaining the responses of the oracles, a task which they often found exceedingly difficult, it was also their peculiar province to draw omens from the flight of birds, the appearance of lightnings, and meteoric phenomena. They do not appear to have had any idea of astrology. They further inculcated the belief, that the terrible events of fate were sometimes preceded by extraordinary occurrences. Involuntary and inextinguishable laughter was heard; the intellect wandered; the meat before the guests dripped with blood; their eyes were suffused, and their cheeks streamed with tears; the mind was oppressed with presages of woe; the sun was veiled in the mid-heavens, and a supernatural darkness thickened around them; groans and wailings affrighted the ear, while

innumerable ghosts were seen hastening to the shades.

It was an universal belief that the human soul was immortal. On parting from the body it was supposed to expand itself to an unsubstantial resemblance of the countenance and figure which it had previously animated, just as living or departed friends sometimes appear to us in dreams. If the rites of sepulture were duly performed, the soul was conducted to Erebus, which was fabled to be situated on the confines of the Acherusian Lake near the Egyptian City of Memphis. There dwelt Pluto and Proserpine, who ruled the dead. Punishments of various kinds were inflicted on those who had grossly outraged the laws of the gods; the greater number of the shades, whose crimes in life were redeemed by some virtues, were permitted to wander for ever in groves, where they were scarcely visible to each other by a melancholy twilight; but favourites of the gods were transferred to the care of the yellow-haired Rhadamanthus, who placed them in the vale of Elysium, in the neighbourhood of the same lake. There they enjoyed an uninterrupted round of ease, unchilled by the rain, or snows of

winter, cheered by the zephyrs of perpetual spring.

Even over these shadowy regions, the seers persuaded mankind, that they could exert an irresistible controul. They prescribed certain dark and mysterious ceremonies, the right performance of which enabled a mortal to compel the souls of the departed to appear in his presence. Amid such wild and dismal superstitions, we are are not surprised to find a rooted faith in the agency of evil demons. Painful wasting disease, and a strong propensity to wickedness, were supposed to be the effects of their peculiar malignity. They believed also in the potency of that super-human influence which we call enchantment, and record many superstitious observations on the character of particular days, accidents, and appearances of nature, which they looked upon as ominous of good or evil fortune, and to which they seem to have paid a most scrupulous regard.

How far the reflecting men of those primitive times reposed on this system of religion, inconsistent as it was, and obscured by the oracles, auguries, and incantations which formed no inconsiderable sources of its influence on the mind of the multitude, is a question not easy now to

be solved. Though Homer uses the gods as the machinery of his poems, and frequently represents them in a most unamiable light, yet he uniformly, wherever a fit opportunity presents itself, inculcates the necessity and advantages of prayer, sacrifice, and obedience. He was constitutionally pious, and had an instinctive love of virtue, which raised him at times far beyond the religion of his age. In the overflow of his happy impulses, he more than once lighted on the grand truth, that there existed ONE GOD, who created and disposed of all things. To that Great Being he alone attributes omnipotence, omniscience, justice, and benignity, in terms which unequivocally demonstrate the very different opinion which he had conceived of the haughty ruler of Olympus. Towards Jove he is never borne with a feeling of love, but towards Jehovah his secret soul always springs with a beautiful affection.

It seems to me impossible to reflect on the system of religion which thus prevailed generally in Ancient Greece, without coming to the conclusion, that the Creator intended thereby to shew that, although placed on the most favoured territory, and under the most genial climate of earth for the cultivation of

his mental faculties, man had not the power to invent so much as a single principle of Christianity. The Stoics carried the rules of morality to the highest degree of perfection known to any of the sects who ruled the ethical philosophy of the day: but not one of them understood the word "humility." To a generous mind it is, naturally speaking, infinitely a more noble revenge to forgive an adversary than to persecute him. Clemency brings with it peace to the mind, and grandeur to its conceptions: resentment, gratifying at the moment, soon forces upon the soul a sense of deep abasement, which transfers the triumph to the victim. The stoics, whatever may be thought of some of their maxims, never arrived in practice at this discovery, which, even if we had known it, we never could have carried into execution, but for the example of Him who brought us the Revelation.

CHAPTER VII.

Gun-room—Mountains of Morea—Minister of the Interior—Quarantine—Deck companions—Holystone—Mr. Dawkins—Russian policy—Captain Lyons—Hospitality—Bay of Napoli—Bustle of the streets—Public walks—Count Armansperg—Modern Greeks—Their advantages—Democracy—Aristocracy—The Senate—The Laws—The Sovereign—Judicial office.

We lingered about Hydra all the morning (2d November), and it being Sunday the men all assembled on deck in their best clothes at ten o'clock, when the officers read to them, in different groups, the Act of Parliament which directs that divine service shall be performed on board his Majesty's ships of war. I confess I think that this part of the ceremony is particularly objectionable. To summon a ship's company to prayers by virtue of an Act of Par-

liament, is, of all things, the most absurd, considering that a duty of that kind ought to be performed from motives of a nature altogether superior to the authority of mere temporal legislation. The men then proceeded to the lower deck, where forms were arranged, and a temporary pulpit covered with a signal flag was erected for the chaplain, who read the service and a very good sermon in an unaffected and impressive manner. I observed with great pleasure that almost all the men and all the boys had books, and that they attended to the solemn duties of the hour in a very collected and becoming manner.

The captain generally dines in the gun-room with the officers on a Sunday. This, however, is by no means considered as a matter of course. It is always the result of a regular invitation formally given and as formally accepted. The officers were so good as to send me also a similar invitation, of which I was most happy to avail myself. In our walks upon deck I had already become acquainted with most of the gentlemen on-board, and it gave me great pleasure to meet them assembled together at their own table, where they appeared to be so many brothers. There was less of style about their

saloon than one is accustomed to at the captain's; but the large tureen of excellent pea-soup, the noble sirloin of beef, the crowd of fowls and bacon, and stews, and vegetables of all kinds, and pies and puddings, with which their board was spread, recalled the best days of English hospitality, when the silver tankard foaming with nut-brown ale circulated from hand to hand, and the ruddy glow of health on every cheek predicted a considerable diminution in the weight of the plentiful dishes before they were permitted to take their departure.

My friend, Captain Price, who has himself a taste for the beauties of nature, summoned me early on the following morning (3d November) to witness the effect of the rising sun on the mountains of the Morea. The higher peaks were capped with snow, and as the orb rose in the heavens, new peaks similarly diademed appeared to be called into existence every moment, until they appeared a congress of kings. From time to time as we were wafted tardily up the gulf, a different combination of mountain scenery opened on our view, looking like the work of enchantment, as we scarcely felt the vessel moving along the shore of these classic and delightful regions.

The Palamede of Napoli, as the acropolis or fortified capital of that ancient city is called, was already in sight, the Greek flag bearing the cross waving over its towers; but we did not reach our anchorage before it until three o'clock in the afternoon, when the *Portland* announced her arrival by a royal salute, conducted with that rapidity and order which characterize all the operations of our ships of war. It was very fairly returned from the Palamede.

As we had some quarantine to go through, the duration of which we had not yet been able to ascertain, Captain Price dispatched a note to Mr. Waller, the secretary of the British legation, to make some inquiries on the subject. We were aware that Mr. Dawkins, our minister, had taken a little trip in the *Madagascar* with Captian Lyons to Candia, whence he was expected back every moment. Mr. Waller's reply was, that the "Minister of the Interior" had gone a little way into the country, and would return in an hour or two, when the period of our imprisonment would be settled. The title of "Minister of the Interior" for Greece—a country which had so long been the victim of misrule and oppression in

every form—sounded oddly, but by no means disagreeably in my ears. How intelligence connected with such a title would have thrilled the soul of Lord Byron! Our messenger brought back a file of Galignani's newspapers, down to the 10th of October, which afforded an agreeable occupation to us all for the whole evening.

The *Madagascar*, which had been for some time within our telescopic view, came in at nightfall. I was extremely anxious to get ashore, to touch the soil of that territory so sacred in my estimation, and to behold her newly-recovered freedom in one of its earliest phases. Having letters for Mr. Dawkins, I sent them with Captain Price's dispatches as soon as the *Madagascar* was anchored, adding a note by way of petition for an early deliverance from quarantine.

Upon reflection, however, I wondered at myself for feeling any inclination at all to quit the pleasant quarters I enjoyed in the *Portland*. I can never look back at the days and nights which I spent on-board that vessel without classing them among the happiest of my life. Should Captain Price, Lieutenant Burridge, my good friends Cooper, the Purser, and Captain

M'Adam, of the marines, the companions of many of my walks on the deck, happen to see this work, I beg they will remember me when next they meet in the gun-room, and that they will assure my other friends also, "the members of the junior branches of the service," that if ever occasion should arise for her services, in a more active scene than the Piræus, I shall look with confidence and peculiar interest for the dispatches which shall announce that the *Portland* has "done her duty." By Jupiter! I should not like to be roaming about in a Russian ship of war, if any danger existed of her coming into hostile contact with those hosts of mine. I never saw them in their element until that day, when, in voices that had nearly burst the tympana of my auricular organs, their guns bade old Palamede "good morning!" But had they been blowing up the veteran!—

By the way, talking of tympana, I should be glad to learn from Basil Hall, Glascock, or Marryatt, who was the inventor of *holystone?* Wrapped one fine morning in such dreams as may be supposed to haunt the mind slumbering within sight of Argos, Mycenæ, and Tiryntha, I was suddenly awoke by a succession of sounds, which were to me utterly incompre-

hensible. They were above, around, below. I made no doubt at first that we were in for an earthquake, or rather for all the earthquakes that ever yet took place concentrated in one series of explosions. But this idea was dissipated by the regularity of the moving power, whatever that might have been, for on it went, like the lever of some infernal engine, scraping, rubbing, scrubbing, thumping with a noise of thunder, without the intermixture of one human sound, to prevent me from believing that the whole of this interruption to my repose was brought about by some preter-natural agency. I had read of the region where unexpiated crime is punished by "weeping and gnashing of teeth;" but until *Holystone* morning, I never could fix in my thoughts any thing like an idea of those sounds of anguish and unalterable despair.

Forsooth! that the captain may be able to see his face reflected from the deck as in a mirror, on stated days the men assemble at the dawn, each with a huge brick in his hand, and kneeling down—whence they call the duty *holy!*—on they go over the whole surface with their inquisitorial torturer, until they expel from the very souls of the unfortunate planks the slight-

est stain of transgression. When the work is over, and the polished timbers shine out with a sort of bridal smile, the captain struts forth like a bridegroom, and walks up and down his empire, perfectly convinced that he is the happiest of human creatures! The operation cannot, one should think, be pleasant to any man of common sense—and yet I do believe, if it were altered by any chemical substitution for a process not quite so horrible, the reform would lead to a general mutiny in his Majesty's navy! *Holystone* and I shall never be friends—nevertheless, I bow to it as a most venerable institution!

Mr. Dawkins came alongside the *Portland* in a boat from the *Madagascar*, which was also in quarantine, the plague having been then rife at Alexandria, which communicated with Candia, almost unrestricted by any sanatory regulations. That beautiful and fertile island is in the possession of Mehemet Ali, to whom it is rather an incumbrance than an advantage, for the expenditure which it costs him is more than double its revenue. Mr. Dawkins appeared to have been delighted with his visit to it, and talked of its lemon and orange groves in terms that made me desirous of following his exam-

ple, if time and opportunity had allowed me. But my present purpose was to get ashore as speedily as possible; and when the minister told me that he expected to see Price and myself, as well as his friend Lyons at his house to dinner, I assured him, very sincerely, that I accepted his invitation with the greatest satisfaction. I was much pleased with Mr. Dawkins. My notions of a man's character are pretty generally formed on a first interview, and I have seldom occasion to correct them. In this instance I saw a remarkably strong and clear mind, united with a most excellent heart, and every hour of my further acquaintance with both confirmed my earliest impressions in their favour.

And so it happened, that in the evening (4th November) we really did receive from the "Minister of the Interior," permission to terminate our quarantine, which we had feared would be extended to eleven days. I stepped upon the soil of Greece with feelings which arose from the double reflection, that I touched a territory at once classic and free—classic from its own genius, and free by the genius of England! Those who claim for Russia any share in that important result, must be but very imperfectly acquainted with the

policy which it was her great aim to establish in that quarter. It is very well known, that the real object of the late and the present emperor was, to establish principalities in Attica and the Morea, upon the system adopted in Moldavia and Wallachia. It was our business to resist and defeat that design, and we have succeeded —and that success is very much to be imputed to the exertions of Mr. Dawkins, who has represented his Majesty in Greece during the whole of the discussions, which ended in the election of a Bavarian prince as the sovereign of the new kingdom.

When I met Captain Lyons, I could scarcely convince myself that it was for the first time. There are some faces to be encountered in this world of ours which never seem new; they approach at once without ceremony, all beaming with honesty of purpose, and thorough kindliness of disposition, which open an instant way for them to our hearts, as if they had been already its best known and most familiar guests. I think the very first words he spoke to me were these—"Well, as you have come to Napoli in the *Portland*, assuredly you will come home with us in the *Madagascar*." What could I say in the way of thanks to such a

salutation as this? "But Mr. Quin shall do no such thing," said Mr. Dawkins, "for you are going away to-morrow or the next day, and if he does not stay here as long as he can, and see what we have been doing here for the last eight or ten years, his character will be lost as a Philhelline." Imagine these sort of things going on amidst iced champaigne, old port, and sweet lemons, and fragrant oranges from Candia, after a dinner cooked and served in the best English style, and zested by the true Yorkshire hospitality!

As Bruno's hotel was full, Mr. Dawkins assigned to me the apartments of his private secretary, Mr. Griffith, who was engaged at Athens in superintending the progress of the building which had been purchased for the future residence of the British legation. Thus every where I lighted on a home. However the next day finding a vacancy at Bruno's, I removed to his not uncomfortable establishment; as, however well disposed our ministers abroad may be to show every mark of attention and even of kindness to our countrymen, it is by no means fair to trespass upon their domestic arrangements beyond the strict necessity of any case that may arise.

Before making myself familiar with the streets of Napoli, my first steps were directed towards the mountain on which the Palamede is erected. Though exceedingly rough and rocky, there was not a handful of earth any where to be seen that did not produce some kind of vegetation, and all of it perfumed with that wild thymy fragrance, which I afterwards found to be characteristic of all the rocky hills I visited in Greece. I looked down upon Napoli, which lay like a map beneath me, and beheld with a lively feeling of gratification the bustling crowds running here and there through its squares and market-places. The *Portland* and *Madagascar* were anchored at some distance from the shore; near the latter were two French ships of war, under the command of Commodore Laland, and almost within the port, two Russian frigates of sixteen guns each—the *Ajax* and *Achilles*, stationed there for the purpose, it was said, of carrying on the correspondence. Several merchant vessels and abundance of small craft gave the bay an appearance of animation. Argos, and its famous plain in the west, and the mountains which extend in a semicircle from its Acropolis by Mycenæ and Tiryntha, round the head of the gulph, were reposing in the golden

light of the morning sun. A goatherd was wandering about the mountains with his shaggy company and one or two donkies, who neglected no blade of verdure they could detect among rocks, which to most other animals would have been inaccessible.

Accustomed to the laziness of the Turkish towns which I had so lately left, I was rejoiced to observe the variety of groups I met every where in Napoli, and the industry that appeared to reign in almost every habitation. French, English, Bavarians, Greeks from all the provinces in their beautiful and gay costume, moving about with that air of freedom to which we are habituated at home, served, in my estimation, as the best commentary that could be written upon their revolution. Except at Pera, and in one of the bazaars at Constantinople, I had not seen a single book-shop since I left Vienna, and nothing like a news-room since I quitted France. Here I beheld both the one and the other; I think there were six or eight in all, and they appeared to be well frequented.

In the afternoon the public walks near the town displayed a still greater variety of costume, as the ladies made their appearance, some as pedestrians, some riding, others in carriages,

attended by military officers in their handsome uniform; by several English gentlemen, some of whom were like myself, travellers; some, as General Church, distinguished Philhellenes; by noisy Greeks, who with their freedom seemed to have completely recovered their ancient propensity to talk; by the ministers and other members of the different legations; and by mercantile gentlemen, who appear not to have yet established their legitimate grade in the social intercourse of the country. The "junior branches of the service" intermingled also in this interesting scene, "on the look-out;" while idling soldiers, tars, nurses, and children, contributed to swell the ranks moving up and down with great regularity. Among the distinguished of the scene were the Countess Armansperg and her daughters, and the lady of the Russian envoy.

As a first external view of the changes which had already come over Greece, these exhibitions were by no means unsatisfactory. I was told, however, that beneath all this pleasant-looking surface, much rankling and jealousy, and ambition and disappointment prevailed; that cabal was working in its dangerous sinuosities, and rivalry, or rather envy, was planning perpetually

fresh disturbances; that is to say, in Greece there are men and women, as well as in England or France, who are desirous of profiting by circumstances to advance themselves and their families in the world. So much the better. It is upon such constant personal warfare, whether latent or avowed, that nations must always depend for their progress in civilization. I was glad to hear that there was so much of it already in Greece; and although one might silently wish to see the contest carried on with more generosity and charity on all sides, nevertheless we must take men as we find them, and look forward to a more perfect stage of society, when that which we now justly stigmatize as envy, may become emulation; when cabal shall be impotent against public opinion; and disappointment in the different walks of life shall only be the portion of those who, from want of conduct or of talents, are unfit to gain the distinctions to which they aspire.

There were evening assemblies once a week at Count Armansperg's, one of which I attended. The rooms were crowded. The Count is a man of tried ability, of simple engaging manners, much attached by sentiment to Greece, and to every thing Greek, possessing a mind

stored with various information, and remarkably well fitted to be the Mentor of the young monarch, who has lately taken into his own hands the reins of sovereignty. It has been wisely arranged that the termination of the regency was to be attended with no substantial change in the position of the Count. He is now arch-chancellor of the kingdom, an office which will enable him more effectually even than that he lately held as the head of the regency, to carry into execution his plans for the gradual regeneration of a country and a people, capable of being raised to a most important rank among the civilized communities of Europe.

It is a kind of fashion amongs our circles at home to decry the Greeks as a set of knaves, idlers, banditti, swaggerers, and peculators, of whom no good can ever be augured. Is perfection, then, to be expected at once from a nation just risen from a long night of oppression, with all the marks of the manacle upon its limbs, with all the defensive stratagems of the slave still lurking in its mind? Have we no knaves, no idlers, no swaggerers, no peculators, in England? Are none such to be found in France? I know nothing more unjust, in every sense of

the word, than the vituperative language which I have heard every where uttered against the Greeks since my return home. The truth is, that they are neither more or less perfect, as to moral character, than any other people. My experience has taught me this truth, that under every phasis of civilization, whether the brightest or the darkest, the sum of human happiness or virtue, of misery and vice, is much the same, and that it generally bears about the same proportion to the number of families comprised in each community.

The Greeks require time for repairing the ruins of their ancient institutions, and for engrafting upon those institutions, with the requisite skill, which can alone ensure success, such improvements as the new interests of society may demand. They come to the task of reform with incalculable advantages, which will enable them to accelerate their march towards a stable government, and an assured, compact, social condition. They have the press, the newspaper, the rail-road, the steam-boat; they soon will have a powerful tide of public opinion, representing not the passions, but the good sense of a decided majority of their intelligent men; they have derived from their illustrious ancestors

minds capable of any thing within even the highest range of the human faculties; they possess powerful muscular frames, inured to labour; they are prone to agricultural and commercial pursuits; they are easily rendered excellent soldiers and the best sailors in the Mediterranean; they cultivate a land where, although barren mountains abound, the plains compensate for that sterility by their double harvests, when properly irrigated; and as their great object will be to *restore*, having little to *invent* in the way of government, laws, manners, arts of navigation and war, industrious occupations, whether connected with the soil or manufactures, the convenience or amusement, the wants or embellishments of social existence—they will unquestionably have fewer difficulties to contend against than any other people on the earth, struggling at the present moment to emerge from barbarity to freedom.

Many persons have lamented that instead of a monarchy, a republic had not been established in Greece. I am not one of those persons. The purely democratic forms of government, attempted to be established in the new states of South America, have already cost those countries oceans of blood, and mines of gold;

and at this hour they appear to be farther removed from the stages of peace and prosperity, than they were even when oppressed by the domination of Spain.

I have taken none of my notions of the United States from the works of English or other foreign tourists. I have conversed with Americans; I constantly read their reviews and magazines, and, above all, their newspapers, which reflect their manners, ideas, and every day practices, as in a glass; and I find, on the whole, that a President may, during his hour upon the stage, play many more of the tricks of a tyrant, than a monarch of England would dare even to meditate; that a senate may be as obstinate and as wrong as a house of lords, without their dignity; that a congress may be in every possible attribute, requisite for legislators and statesmen, infinitely below comparison with a reformed house of commons; and that a whole mass of sovereign citizens may be actuated by feelings of the most rancorous jealousy, which enter into and disturb all the relations of life, while the loyal subjects of a king, possessed of a free constitution, which they know how to guard, may also have their political quarrels; but that the stability of the

succession to the crown, of property, and of the natural gradations of rank, and the perfect capability which the lowest individual on the scale enjoys of ascending to the highest, if borne thither by his merits, and by the approbation of his country, offer to society pledges of public and domestic happiness, and of steady, progressive improvement, as yet unrivalled by any other nation.

It is certain that the earliest, and, for a long period, the only, form of government, which prevailed in the various cities or states of Greece, was that of monarchy, controlled by councils of the elders, and of the great body of the people. Wisdom, or the acquisition of years spent in temperate, virtuous, and thoughtful habits, and the same qualifications which entitled a citizen to become a senator, gained for him also an unbought veneration, which naturally diffused itself over all the members of his family. Thus, an aristocracy, in the literal sense, was one of the very first products of society; and though it rarely happens that the wisdom of the sire descends in all its plenitude to the son, still, in the natural order of things, such a transmission is presumed, and the rank and merits of the ancestor shed a lustre upon his posterity, which

is guaranteed by their uncontested inheritance of his name and possessions. It is not probable, therefore, that the creation of a class of nobility was the work of any lawgiver, for it existed as soon as communities found themselves provided with a regular system of government.

In process of time, the council thus became an assembly of men, young and old, whose only right to the exercise of senatorial functions arose from descent. To establish that right, the preservation of pedigrees was necessary; it soon grew into a subject of pride, and formed a decided mark of distinction, which, while it repelled the familiarity of the multitude, attracted their respect. They were naturally as deeply interested in the maintenance of public liberty, as the people themselves; indeed more so, for they had rank and property to lose.

From the comparative paucity of their numbers, they were easily convened; the same circumstance gave consistency to their deliberations; and hence we find that in almost all the states, the council of nobles formed an integral branch not only of the legislative, but also of the executive departments of government. The prince scarcely did any act of importance without their

sanction. It was his duty to offer his own opinions in council, to hear those of its members, and to adopt that advice alone which appeared to him most conducive to the general welfare. Indeed so intimate was the connection between the senate and the chief magistrate, that they may be said to have conducted the ordinary affairs of government in conjunction. They judged of the necessity of sending ambassadors to other states, and even nominated them. They received also the ambassadors from foreign powers. They had authority to confer grants of land, and to bestow other rewards, on those individuals whose public services deserved well of the country. They were the depositories of those principles of natural equity, and of those customs peculiar to each state, which added to a few maxims, handed down from sage to sage, formed the only code of laws with which they were as yet conversant.

The necessity of resorting so frequently to the senate for advice, and of depending on its members for the ordinary administration of public affairs, created of itself a limit to the authority of the prince, beyond which, if he had the disposition, he had not as yet the means to force it. They were the dispensers of justice

between man and man. The prince more than insinuated that he derived his sceptre from Jove, though he acknowledged at the same time that he was to frame his counsels according to the laws. His race was moreover looked upon as sacred; and this species of sanctity with which he was surrounded rendered his person inviolable.

But it may be doubted whether the princely character was so profoundly venerated by the people in any state of Greece, as the judicial office, when its functions were executed with impartiality, wisdom, and eloquence. Poetry, in the opinion of the people, was the gift of Apollo and the Muses, but the eloquence of the judge was breathed into him by Jove himself. The chief of the Muses attended on his steps, and poured a gentle dew upon his tongue; words were honeyed that dropped from his lips; he spoke firmly, but at the same time with a graceful modesty; he soothed the unfortunate, defended the oppressed, discerning in his righteousness the ways of justice; while he spoke, strife disappeared, all his hearers gazed upon him with delighted wonder; he shone in the great assembly, and when he moved abroad, in his majesty, the people ho-

noured him as a god. This was a character to be found in the senate alone. The weight which their judicial functions thus gave them in the state, rendered them a body formidable to the prince: he could scarcely oppose their will without bringing on himself the hostility of the people.

CHAPTER VIII.

Administration of justice—Popular assemblies—Free constitution—Bavarian code—Reforms—Agriculture—Aristocracy—Argos—King Otho—Russian intrigues—Greek church—Synod—Russian church—Religious feeling—New coinage.

GENERALLY speaking, the political deliberations of the senate were conducted upon principles of the purest liberty. Perfect freedom of opinion was the right of every senator—a right, not depending on the permission of the prince, but firmly established by law.

In all ordinary matters, then, the prince and the senate usually decided. Questions, however, whether of policy or law, in which the people were materially interested, were discussed by the senators in their presence. Justice was administered in the forum by the elders; of the merits of the judicial decision, the

people, who commonly crowded the forum, were the sole arbiters. When an elder or judge delivered his opinion, they evinced their disapprobation or assent by murmur or applause. Each party pleaded his own cause, the elders sitting in the middle of the forum, on marble seats highly polished, to remind them of the mental purity which they ought to bring to the discharge of their office. They formed a circle, held sceptres in their hands, and the people around them were restrained by heralds, whose province it was to preserve order in the assembly. Witnesses were heard as to the facts of the case, and when both the litigant parties had concluded their statements, the elders rose, one after the other, and explaining the law, pronounced their opinions on the question at issue. That which was most agreeable to the majority of the people prevailed.

So also when an impost was to be levied, the senate and people met in a general council; and if the object for which the impost was required were approved of, the people agreed to pay such tributes as were necessary, consisting of ships for foreign expeditions, corn, and cattle. The inhabitants of towns yielded regular contributions to the prince, which they levied

amongst themselves; and if they held him in particular reverence, they added occasional gratuities to mark their attachment to his person.

Thus, then, in the most ancient condition of the Greek people we find all the traces of a free constitution: a king, whose power was limited by the laws, and the immediate control of a senate of nobles. We find this senate acting not only as a free legislative assembly, but also as a judicial tribunal. We find another assembly, composed of the people, whose duty it was to give or withhold taxes, and act as the arbiters of justice in the last resort—in fact, exhibiting the very power which led in our own country to the establishment of the House of Commons, and the system of juries. In the towns we discern the germs of municipalities. We see the law and the administration of justice held in the most sacred respect; and notwithstanding the many centuries that have since intervened, and the many vicissitudes through which the Greeks have struggled once more to a state of national existence and freedom, there is nothing more certain than this, that the principles of their ancient customs have never been wholly obliterated from the minds of that people.

It can be a matter, therefore, of no serious difficulty to revive in Greece the free institutions which Greece was perhaps the first nation in Europe to appreciate and enjoy. I am aware that from the unfortunate dissensions which broke out in the regency soon after its establishment, very little progress has been effected in re-organizing the country. The attempt also which was made by that body to introduce into the monarchy a system of laws, derived altogether from the Bavarian code, was a most dangerous mistake. There was in that code no one principle congenial to the habits of the people, and the consequence was natural—the moment it was promulgated it proved to be utterly impracticable. The business of the legislator in Greece is to study her most ancient laws, and to reproduce them with such analogous developments, or such modifications and suppressions as the modern improvements in society may demand.

Preparations were already in progress at Napoli for the removal of the seat of government to Athens, and for the inauguration of the king: events which have since taken place. Although no senate, no representative assembly, no judicial tribunal, no municipalities have yet

been constituted, yet, I entertain no doubt that measures have been adopted for the accomplishment of all these great objects. Indeed, the outlines of municipalities had been dispatched to Argolis, Arcadia, Messenia, Attica, Phocis, Locris, Eubœa, and the Cyclades. Civil tribunals have also been established in several districts, which act with the consent of parties until the code of laws shall be completed. The police of the country has also been placed upon an effective footing, by the employment of a body of about a thousand men, as patroles, on the principal lines of communication through the interior of the country. These officers have been judiciously selected from amongst the Palichari, who had previously been themselves the chief agents of disturbance and of annoyance to the traveller. They have become now the best guardians of the public peace, because as they are well paid they have a direct interest in its preservation.

The natural mind of Greece is peculiarly favourable, from ancient associations, to the establishment of a free constitution. Fortunately, also, the government has only to refer to the early ages of that country for models of every species of enterprize by which the fertile tracts

of land in which it abounds, were turned to the utmost possible advantage. The great evil arising from the generally mountainous nature of its territory, is, that in some places the even plains at the feet of those mountains are filled with stagnant waters, collected from the neighbouring heights, while in other places the waters generated on the mountain tops escape too speedily to the sea, leaving the declivities and inclined plains over which they rush without sufficient moisture for the growing season of the year. In ancient times, this double evil was guarded against with wonderful industry and success. Wherever the waters from the mountains were likely to stagnate, sewers were constructed to carry off the superfluity; wherever the torrents were too rapid, they were diverted into reservoirs, whence they were gradually distributed over the soil, so as to afford it all the advantages of complete irrigation. During the ages which have since elapsed, the sewers have been choked up, and the reservoirs have been destroyed; the consequence of which is, that at the present day, some of the very best parts of Greece are altogether lost to the purposes of agriculture. The government will have simply to direct the old sewers to be cleared and repaired, and the reservoirs to be

re-established, in order to render Greece for its extent the most fertile kingdom in Europe.

In the actual state of things it is probably not an inexpedient principle of legislation to say, that there shall be no aristocratical order allowed in that country. So many persons of equivocal character, of undoubted ignorance, and discontented views, would put forward pretensions to nobility, which could not be resisted without danger to the existence of the monarchy, that a general rule of entire exclusion is preferable to partial admissions. The abolition of majorats, however, I take to be impracticable as well as undesirable for any length of time in a monarchical government. When that government shall have acquired force, it can only be retained by being divided amongst the aristocracy, which will have naturally grown up in the mean time in the professional and commercial paths of life. The leading men in the senate, and representative assembly, at the bar, and in the army and navy, will adhere together according to the common course of things, and form an aristocracy that will be acknowledged by the people, and must be respected by the king. Majorats ought to precede and encourage this state of society, the best that can be constituted; for I look upon the republican notions of uni-

versal equality as inconsistent with all the tendencies of the human mind, which, like flame, are constantly pointing upwards.

I spent a day at Argos, visiting, on my return to Napoli, the celebrated walls of Tiryntha, which, even in the time of Homer, were looked upon as the remains of one of the most ancient cities in the world. I rode over the plain of Argos, with a view to see the lake of Lerna, so famous in antiquity. It is now confined to a small pool, scarcely larger than the mouth of an ordinary well, but the soil in its neighbourhood is so marshy, that without a guide no stranger ought to venture upon it. My horse sunk at one place nearly up to the girth; it was with great difficulty that the animal extricated himself, and if my stirrup leathers had not been fortunately on a spring buckle, which allowed them to come away horizontally, I might have been seriously involved in his danger.

Mr. Dawkins took the earliest opportunity which court etiquette could permit of presenting me to the king; Captain Price was presented at the same time. I need hardly add that we were both received in the most gracious manner. Otho, though little more than nineteen years of age at that period, had already assumed a

grave dignity of demeanour, well calculated to temper the feeling of distrust naturally generated by the appearance of youth in a station of so much responsibility and importance. He possesses all the advantages of a fine figure, and a countenance peculiarly German, beaming with benevolence, and not unmarked by that order of intellect which, though slow to perceive, is strong for the retention of useful principles, and likely to act with great circumspection in reducing them to practice. He was dressed in the blue uniform of a general officer; met us without any pageantry, being quite alone in a handsome saloon, to which we were conducted by his chamberlain, addressed us in French, and the conversation turning at once upon the approaching removal of the seat of government to Athens, he dwelt upon the topic with evident satisfaction. He had words of courtesy for Captain Price, whom he hoped to have the pleasure of frequently seeing; alluded in emphatic terms to the uniform attachment which his predecessor, Captain Lyons,* had shown to

* While this sheet is passing through the press, I am happy to observe that Captain Lyons has succeeded Mr. Dawkins as British envoy to the court of Athens. Lord Palmerston could not have possibly made a more happy appointment than this. Captain

the cause of Greece on every occasion, and became animated by the prospects which, he said, every succeeding day served to extend and confirm for the interesting country of his adoption.

The king appeared to be on the most cordial footing with Mr. Dawkins, with whom he chatted for a while, and then turning to me, inquired very minutely about the route I had taken in the course of my journey. I did not omit to inform his majesty that I had passed through Munich, which, under the auspices of his royal father, was becoming quite Italian in the beauty of its streets and palaces, and the splendour of its public galleries. I described in a few words my steam-voyage down the Danube, as he appeared to have been already aware of the enterprize for the navigation of that river, and seemed

---

Captain Lyons enjoys the entire confidence of the king, as well as of Count Armansperg; and I am convinced that the interests of Greece in her relations with England could not have been committed to better hands. It is very well known that Mr. Dawkins had been anxious for the last two or three years to return home, as in fact Englishmen are in general desirous of doing, who have been long engaged at a foreign station. But his services are of that class of which the country ought not to be long deprived, whether available at home or abroad.

to take a lively interest in its success. The topic led to the projects which were entertained for imparting to Greece all the advantages of the steam-boat, and he very justly remarked that to no country in Europe could that invaluable instrument of commerce and civilization be more eminently useful, than to that with whose happiness he was now identified. We then withdrew, Captain Price and I both simultaneously observing, after we came out, that the audience had left most agreeable impressions on our minds, the more especially as we had not been altogether prepared for the intelligence and the winning simplicity of manner which the young monarch displayed.

The general feeling among the best-informed persons whom I had encountered at Napoli was, that Otho appeared likely to prove an excellent sovereign in every respect, and that his reign promised to be tranquil and prosperous. Russia, as usual, had continued the attempts which her agents had carried on from the beginning of the Greek revolution, with a view to prevent the establishment of free and permanent institutions. Her policy every where out of her own empire is, "divide that I may rule." Disturbance, apprehension, and anarchy, in any

quarter, serve to divert the attention of Europe from the designs which she is maturing in the East, and no opportunity, be it ever so slight, is neglected on the part of her numerous agents, which may contribute to carry the suggestions of that policy into execution.

It was thought that the arrangements made with respect to the Greek church, might have been converted by those persons into an inexhaustible source of discord as between the Greeks themselves, and as between the nation and its Roman Catholic sovereign. The head of their church having always been the patriarch, residing at Constantinople, it was found necessary when the Sultan recognized the formation and absolute independence of the new monarchy, to terminate its ecclesiastical connexion with an individual, who might be supposed capable of acting under the Sultan's influence. I believe it is strictly conformable, in such cases, with the discipline and practice of the Greek church, to confide its spiritual government to a synod of its own bishops, whose authority is in every way a competent substitute for that of the patriarchal office. This alteration from the usage of some centuries, was rendered necessary in Greece by the restoration of its national exist-

ence; but the Russian minister would not afford it his sanction, conceiving that the patriarch's authority (which would be Russian and not Turkish) ought not to be interfered with, or that if it were, the only course left open for the church of Greece to adopt, would be to place itself in communion with the patriarch at Moscow!

Co-religionism has been the uniform, and I must add, the powerful pretext, by the judicious use of which the agents of Russia have succeeded in extending her authority over the whole of the Sclavonic tribes, spread through Moldavia, Wallachia, and Servia. It is the apology for her intermeddling with the affairs of Turkey, and it was boldly insisted upon as an excuse for the assumption, on the part of the Russian minister at Napoli, of a sort of ascendancy in the councils of the new kingdom. The appointment, however, of a synod of bishops for the purpose of presiding over the spiritual government of the church, exhibited a determination on the part of the Greeks to maintain in every way the independence they had acquired. This course of proceeding did not suit the views of the Emperor; accordingly it was declared by his agents that the church of Greece, by separat-

ing itself from the authority of the patriarch, had become schismatic, and therefore he could not acknowledge it any longer as the Greek church,—it became a new sect, with which he could hold no communion.

Forthwith an Archimandrite, several priests, and a full choir were dispatched from Petersburg to Napoli, and a chapel splendidly ornamented was erected behind the Russian minister's house, in which the service of the *true* Greek church was performed every Sunday. This chapel was open to any Greek who felt that his countrymen had become *heretics ;* and the fears of the conscientious, as well as the scruples of the timid, it was hoped, would in due course of time swell the attendance at the chapel, and of course excite religious controversy all over the country, which could only produce one effect, that of creating a Russian party sufficiently powerful to overwhelm any other that existed, or that might arise in Greece.

Never was a Russian intrigue carried on with more ingenuity, or with a more plausible appearance of success than this affair of the schism ; nevertheless it resulted in a complete failure. The chapel was well attended, because the choir

was attractive, and the congregation "fashionable;" but no impression was made by this manœuvre upon the country. It is not at all improbable that this failure may be attributable to the general indifference which prevails in Greece upon questions of an ecclesiastical nature. The condition of dependance to which the Greeks had been so long inured, the destruction of their temples which took place during the war of the revolution, and the general ignorance of their clergy, necessarily contributed to impair, and almost to extinguish very generally the strong sense of religion by which the subjects of the Byzantine empire had been in former ages peculiarly distinguished.

My days passed like hours in Napoli, but I was obliged to economize them, as I hoped to reach Corfu in time for the steam-boat to Ancona, whence I intended to hasten homewards. To leave Greece, however, without visiting Athens, would be a sort of classical high treason; and so having engaged, through the agency of Bruno, a pair of horses at five drachmas each, I set off (8 November) for Epidaurus. One of the first measures of the regency was to restore all the denominations of the ancient money of Greece; accordingly, a

new coinage, the dies for which were beautifully executed, was manufactured at Munich, consisting of gold pieces of twenty drachmas, silver crowns of five drachmas, silver drachmas, half and quarter drachmas, copper pieces of ten, five, and two leptas, and single leptas, the latter being worth about half a farthing, while the drachma is equivalent to little more than eightpence of our money.

CHAPTER IX.

Travelling in Greece—Hieron—Mysterious companion—Dangers of the glen—Speculations—Inclination to brigandage—Alarm—A virtuoso—Epidaurus—Greek servant—Fresh arrivals—On the look-out—Mosaics—A sail—Ruins—Arcadian scene—Pastoral happiness—Diorama—Household operations—Banquet hall—Domestic industry—Benevolence—Marriage preparations—Scene at the cisterns.

TRAVELLING in Greece I soon found to be a very different affair from travelling in Turkey. A small jog-trot, or rather a walk at a snail's pace, is the usual rate of journeying throughout the Morea, at all events. Indeed, the bridle tracks, which are called roads, are so rough, that it would be impossible for any body, except a Tartar, to think of getting on at a much higher estimate of space than about three English miles an hour. The same horses are often engaged for journies of three or four days

successively—no great hardship either, seeing that they seldom steal over more than twenty miles of ground in a day. The guide usually walks behind, driving the luggage horse on before him; or if he be a lazy rascal, as he most commonly is, he perches himself on the unfortunate animal's neck, between the portmanteaus and carpet bags, as well as he can; falls asleep, sings or whistles at intervals, as his fancy suggests, neither he nor his companion in idleness appearing to have any one object in this world at heart, except the diffusion of the smallest possible quantum of exertion over the most ample measure of time.

We left Napoli at noon, and at three o'clock stopped at a fountain, where extricating from my *sac de cuisine* a fowl, I dined. Near Ligurio I turned off from the main path to the right to visit the celebrated ruins of Hieron—ruins indeed, for, with the exception of a few remnants of the benches of the theatre, scarcely any thing remains to be seen. I have no doubt that excavation would disclose abundant memorials of antiquity in that quarter. The sacred grove itself, however, fully repays the trouble of finding it out. It is called sacred, because it was dedicated to Æsculapius, and

being throughout situated in a glen, must indeed have afforded a most delightful retreat from the summer and autumnal suns, to the voluptuous inhabitants of Argos, Hermione, Epidaurus, and even of Athens, when those cities were in their "high and palmy state."

The ravine runs to a considerable distance between two lofty ranges of mountains, the declivities on each side being thickly planted by nature with every variety of tree and shrub, that could afford not only shade but beauty to the scene. These trees and shrubs descend along the shelving sides of the mountains, from the summits on either side to the very edges of a torrent which rushes through the deep vale below. The murmurs of tributary streams falling into the torrent from the neighbouring rocks—the songs of birds—the waving of branches, when the salubrious breeze awoke them from repose—the incessant sound of mineral fountains, celebrated for their efficacy in cooling the fever, or recalling the failing energies of the human frame—the proximity of magnificent temples, where the votaries seldom prayed for health in vain—and of a most splendid theatre in which the dramatic muse of Greece exhibited all her charms, were well calcutated to bestow that

character of sanctity upon the grove, which its appearance justifies even to this day.

As we rode along through this glen by winding tracks which sometimes led us close by the bed of the torrent, where we seemed lost in darkness, sometimes to the higher declivities, whence we could scarcely discern the foam gleaming in the partial lights that here and there found their way to the profound abysses, we were suddenly joined by another traveller, wrapped in a cloak, whose cunning face and reserved manner by no means attracted my confidence. I must frankly confess, that I looked at first upon this apparently-accidental junction as an affair arranged between my guide and the captain of a band of brigands. As we were passing under the outer gate of Napoli I had noticed, as I thought, a mysterious communication pass between my friend and a person of somewhat military aspect, who was riding in the same direction with ourselves; but as he soon after turned away to a small inn in a field off the road, where he dismounted, I had forgotten the circumstance, until after examining the countenance of this stranger, I convinced myself that he was the same man.

Beyond the usual words of salutation, no signs

of recognition escaped either of my companions We rode on in silence. The track through this mountain forest being so narrow that we were obliged to proceed one after the other, the guide in front, I next in succession, and in the rear he whom I took to be a decided bandit. Happening to look behind me, as my horse stopped to drink from a stream that crossed our path, I detected the gentleman in the act of replacing a pistol in his belt, where the handle of an ataghan also presented a formidable state of preparation if any thing were meditated against myself, who had no arms at all—not even my umbrella, for I had lost it.

Before my animal had sated his thirst, my guide returned to the stream, where we three now met face to face, the horses being, as I believed, the only members of the party who rejoiced in the circumstance. I thought they never would have done drinking the crystal element, that bounded from the rocks above us with a mirthful unconsciousness, which at the moment was to me peculiarly enviable. I wondered within myself in what way the man at arms had resolved to attempt the accomplishment of his object; whether he meant to begin operations with his ataghan, or reserve it as his last resort;

or whether he intended preluding with his pistols, and if so, in what part of my anatomical system he expected to deposit their contents. I made no doubt at all that I was in serious peril of my life; but I was also equally resolved on two things: first, not to be taken unawares, and in the next place, to become myself the assailant, the instant I perceived any movement unequivocally meant as an act of hostility. At all events, there must be a battle for it, thought I, and it was not impossible that I might succeed in pushing my antagonist, horse and rider, to the edge of a precipice, whence he might most probably find his way to the regions below.

My quadruped, having sufficiently refreshed himself with the cool spring, went on. I had no objection to this change, as, if the guide immediately followed, which happened to be the case, he would interpose to some extent as a shield against any sudden attack, and possibly might receive the first bullet intended for me. Our course lay over rocks, which nevertheless were so thickly wooded that we were frequently obliged to stoop our heads in order to escape from the impending branches. At length we were compelled by the frequent recurrence of

such impediments to dismount, and allow the animals to take their own way. Here then was a moral certainty that this particular route, impassable for equestrians, was selected by my guide for the special purpose of executing the conspiracy that had been planned against my person and purse! Once or twice it occurred to me that my best mode of proceeding would be to turn brigand myself, to begin by calling on the party last mentioned to produce his said purse, and to divide the spoil amongst us, according to the laws of regular highway honour; but, on second thoughts, I was contented with giving myself notice of a motion to that effect, to be discussed on a future day.

No more sunshine gilding the rocks that stood out from the bosom of the glen, it assumed every moment frowns of deeper horror, which almost made my blood run cold. We had hitherto been riding or walking on the southern side; but our horses, still without their riders, turning suddenly down to the bottom of the dark ravine, my companions ran on rapidly before me, and disappeared through the shade. Had they faltered in their purpose, or left me to warn their associates of my approach?

Every body knows that the glen which we were

then traversing abounds in green marble of the most beautiful description. I consequently became a virtuoso, and a collector of specimens, with which I loaded my pockets and hands, not knowing how soon I might have occasion to turn the said specimens to purposes appertaining more to the useful than the ornamental. My path was so distinctly marked over the polished marble that I could not mistake it, the more especially when I heard voices shouting below, towards which, labouring though I was under the strongest suspicions, I instinctively directed my steps. Judge of my surprise when I found four or five other equestrians drawn up at the other side of the torrent, while my guide, who was calling out to me with all his force, held my Rozinante, and bade me moúnt immediately. The moon, which had just risen, placed the whole party in her light, disclosing three figures fully accoutred, a woman on a mule with a baby in her arms, and an elderly-looking person wrapped in a cloak. That little pledge of peace, sleeping on her mother's bosom, restored my feelings at once to their natural channel. I crossed the torrent, joined the party, who gave me to understand that they also were bound for Epidaurus; and as my late companion was nowhere to be found,

I concluded that he had deemed it imprudent to track his intended prey any farther.

The clacking of several mills turned by the mountain streams, announced to me the agreeable intelligence that we were not far from our destination for the night. The tidings were soon confirmed by the barking of many dogs. A few scattered houses, with lights gleaming from them, left the matter no longer doubtful, when my guide trotting on towards the sea-side, delivered me and my luggage at a house, where the only symptoms of hostelry I beheld was a fire, near which stood an old coffee-pot, and a wooden platform hard by a stone wall, by way of a divan. Alas! thought I, can this be Epidaurus?

I went out to see whether there was any vessel in the harbour bound for Ægina or the Piræus, but I could discover nothing of the kind. The water was so unruffled, that if I could have ferreted out a small boat, and prevailed on its owner to row me across the Saronic Gulf, I should have very much preferred spending the night at sea, rather than in the abominable hut to which my guide had consigned me. But there was not so much as a cock-boat to be met with any where.

My late companions had gone to take up their abode with some of their friends in the village, being also, as I afterwards found, like myself, on their way to Athens. They could offer me no hospitality: but they very kindly sent a Greek servant, who spoke French, to attend me—and I must do him the justice to say, that a more obliging fellow, or a more persevering candidate for what he conceived to be a vacant place in my travelling establishment, I have rarely encountered. He made capital coffee for me mixed up with eggs—bought or stole a pullet which he got boiled for me in a few minutes—brushed my clothes—cleaned my boots—and saw me safely deposited on the divan upon a clean mat, and under the cover of a very decent counterpane of his own which he had placed at my service—and then removing the lamp to the fire-place, recommending me to go forthwith to sleep, and bidding me good night, went away, assuring me that he would return early in the morning.

Mine host, who had hitherto been absent, made his appearance soon afterwards, followed by two or three other guests who had just arrived from Napoli. After a slight supper upon cold fried fish and a little garlick, these

persons, who appeared to be merchants, disposed of themselves on another divan, which was prepared for their use, and I resigned myself, after the toils and apprehensions of the evening, to sleep, with a feeling of confidence which was not broken even by a dream until about seven o'clock, when I rose and bathed in the sea.

The sun was already risen over Ægina, but not a sail was any where to be descried. It appeared that all the vessels belonging to Epidaurus had been detained by calms on the Athenian side of the gulf for the last three or four days, and might be kept there for another week, unless some friendly zephyrs should awake and waft them back to our shore. And then there was no small chance of the said zephyrs continuing to blow on in the same direction, so as to prevent our stirring, perhaps, for another week from the bay. Here was a delightful prospect for a man in a hurry! Oh, how I wished for one of our steamers, when looking over that tranquil sea, unruffled by a breath of air, shining like a lake of molten gold in the morning sun; the splendid highlands of the promontory of Methana on my right; Ægina, like a cloud in front; on the left, Salamis, scarcely visible even as a cloud; the

Parthenon just below my horizon; I was nevertheless chained as it were to the rock on which I stood, incapable of leaving it behind me!

I pored on the waters at my feet until I could count the very pebbles at the bottom of the sea, and even distinguish all their various colours. It was, in fact, a Mosaic ground of the most beautiful description, strewed with pieces of marble, red, blue, green, purple, yellow, snow-white, black as Indian ink, the shades of each being brought out with peculiar brightness through the crystal waves in which they were set. I have no doubt that we owe to such a picture as I then beheld, the original idea of those inlays which the pure taste of antiquity multiplied every where on the floors, the walls, the roofs, not only of the temple and the forum, the courts of justice and the theatres, but also of the most ordinary private habitations. Here was indeed,—

> "A sapphire throne, inlaid with pure
> Amber, and the colour of the showery arch."

The marbles were countless which shone through the transparent element. Nature, who never ceases to attract the human eye to her opera-

tions, even when decorating the most solitary recesses of her domain, seemed to have felt a delight in scattering around her those "patens" worthy of the "floor of heaven;" as if she especially wished to present a model for those works of art which have been carried by the genius of Greece and Italy to so high a degree of perfection.

Ascending the mountain on my left, I discerned a single sail stealing closely round Ægina in order to profit of the land breezes, there being not a breath of air on the sea; but just as it grew larger on my eye, and I could perceive the canvass fluttering, the head of the vessel being, as I thought, turned towards Epidaurus, it gradually faded away again, and disappeared towards Cape Colonna! Another speck soon became apparent in the direction of Salamis, which I watched with unaverted gaze until it assumed magnitude and form as it approached the small island of Cecryphalos, where it lay for some time motionless. At length, the form became more distinct, but it was nearer to Ægina, and steering, as I apprehended, in the same course as the vessel which had just gone to the open sea. But I was happily wrong—I could perceive the waters sparkling round the

boat, which indicated that the oars were at work. There would have been no necessity for such labour if this vessel were bound in the same direction as the one that had just passed, and I therefore concluded that our harbour was her destination. I was satisfied on this point by an old sailor whom I met on the beach as I returned to my *hotel* for breakfast; and as my Greek, who was in attendance, added that the vessel would be in about noon, but could not expect a land-wind to bear her out again until night, my business was to kill the remainder of the long day in the best manner I could.

Having already made acquaintance with the northern part of the shore, I bent my steps through some osier-marshes, and ascended a bold hill on the south, overlooking the sea, where I found myself in the midst of a vast pile of ruins, the greater part of which, however, was buried beneath masses of wall thrown down, long rank grass, weeds, and brambles. This must have been the site of the magnificent temple of Æsculapius, to which Epidaurus owes its celebrity in ancient history. The stones used in the foundations appeared to me to be nearly as large as those which form the walls of

Tiryntha, with this difference, that the former are cut in regular squares, and are connected with each other by means of cement. They are much corroded by the winds and rains of many winters, but their artificial forms are manifest.

From these ruins I wandered along the rough rocks, until, climbing higher and higher, I reached the summit of a mountain, to the south of which the shore is suddenly withdrawn to a considerable distance in a western direction, and in a horse-shoe form, but no longer rocky —the entire theatre rising gently from the water's edge to a considerable height, which shut out all the world behind, being clothed with the richest verdure. It was an Arcadian scene. Sheep were browsing on the green declivities, attended by shepherdesses. Two or three remarkably neat cottages were in the valley, and near them groves of the olive-tree. The hill-sides exhibited clusters of flowers, from which a fragrance came on the undulations of the atmosphere. Two or three brooks rambled down towards the sea, shining like veins of liquid silver; and by one of these a group of maidens was actively engaged in washing linen, which they spread on the shrubs or the grass to

dry. The shepherdesses, as usual, were occupied with their distaff and spindle; a boy tending some goats was playing on a reed a wild song which I could not hear sufficiently to give any idea of; and some of the maidens at the stream, while their linen was drying, sang, or ran about, or bathed their feet, or combed their hair, which they afterwards tied up carefully, little thinking all the time that an Englishman was noting down their "simple annals," haply for the amusement of his own countrywomen.

Here was a secluded, pastoral little world in itself, inhabited by a few fishermen, who, with all the male members of their families, were probably pursuing their labours higher up the gulf, while the females, in their own way equally industrious, presented a picture of perfect happiness—to them the more perfect, because they were unconscious of being observed. I flattered myself that this fair scene had witnessed none of the horrors of the late revolution —that it was even exempted from the common lot of Turkish oppression, and that, like the rescued Pompeii, it appeared exactly the same to me as it might have appeared to Homer in those days of his early inspirations, when he

gathered from nature herself, and from actual acquaintance with the men and manners of his time, those inexhaustible materials which he afterwards embodied in his divine poetry.

Around and beneath me were some of the very promontories and islands which Nestor, and Agamemnon, and Menelaus, are supposed to have visited or observed—the seas upon which they sailed, and above me the same cloudless skies which they admired. The veil of ancient years seemed drawn back from this spot; it was a diorama through which I beheld the age of Ulysses, when the occupations of the prince or the princess scarcely differed from those of the goatherd or shepherdess as now pictured before me. Throughout Argolis, where I then stood, as well as Laconia, Messenia, Arcadia, Elis, and Achaia, and as far as Ithaca, which lay behind me, the manners of the princes and the people of those early days were marked by a beautiful simplicity, of which I was at that moment strongly reminded.

When the morning came, the chieftain vested himself, girded on his tunic, flung his mantle over his shoulders, braced on his sandals, and after a substantial repast on cold roast meat and wine, he walked forth to the council By

his side hung his falchion, to the sheath of which was attached also his knife, or dirk. In his hand he grasped a lance, and his steps were sometimes attended by one or two favourite hounds. If he were unmarried, a discreet woman, selected for her diligence and virtue, his own nurse perhaps, or a female reared from her childhood in the family, at the same early hour set in motion all the household operations for the day. Where there was a princess, though she was aided by some such confidential woman, as the economist of her family, she generally directed these proceedings herself; the wives of the age being of a remarkably domestic turn of character, their whole care being to render their homes decent, to increase their husband's store, and to provide well for all their children. Their menial establishments seldom consisted of less than fifty females. But as almost every article of apparel was prepared, from the rough material to the finest woof, at home, and as every royal mansion was thrown wide open to all strangers, and was the scene of perpetual festivities for the nobles of the realm, it can scarcely be supposed that this number of female servants was at all excessive.

The oldest of these had the care of the bed-chambers, and upon them also devolved the labour (and no slight labour it was) of grinding wheat in a hand-mill, and baking cakes for the consumption of the day. Some of the more active damsels were dispatched with pitchers in their hands to the public fountain, to fetch water for various culinary purposes, but more especially for warm baths, which were in general used every day. Meantime the others were not idle: some, sprinkling the palace floor swept it; some arranged the purple covers of the couches in the banquet-hall; some cleansed the tables with sponges, and polished them, while others rinsed and brightened the silver tankards and drinking cups. Such were their morning labours, according to the ordinary routine.

When these occupations were over they proceeded to a large apartment in the interior of the mansion, and in the upper part of it, where they received from the princess herself, or her housekeeper, their tasks for the remainder of the day. These were portions of fine wool, dyed purple, to be spun, or woven into garments for the prince and his sons; of coarse plain wool for the clothing of the swine-herds,

shepherds, goat-herds, wood-men, and other male servants belonging to the family, and of flax to be converted into linen for the females. Here they plied their several labours.

The princess usually sat with them, and occupied herself with some light piece of fancy work—a veil of lace—a purple mantle which she embroidered with gold, and decorated with golden clasps; or a frame of tapestry, on which she wrought the representation of a battle-scene, or boar-hunt, in which some of her ancestors had won renown. If she had a daughter she kept her by her side, forming her delicate fingers to the loom and spindle, and imbuing her mind the while with the notions of a pure morality wholly independent of the religion of the times. The royal mother and daughter were scarcely distinguished from the busy crowd around them, save that their garments were a little finer, their gowns more costly, and their hair gathered in brighter folds. The wool also which they used, was of a superior tint, was kept in a silver work-basket, or wound on a golden distaff. Near them, when the season required it, burned a fire of cypress and cedar, which diffused a

grateful fragrance and warmth over the whole chamber.

Sometimes these employments were exchanged by the princesses for works of benevolence. If the mother were a virtuous and sensible woman, she was often applied to by her neighbours, to compose disputes and domestic differences. The virgin was most probably famous, as the daughters of kings at that time generally were, for her knowledge of simples, and felt delight in administering to all that came to her from near and distant places, such medicinal relief as her skill and stock afforded.

To the young princess also belonged the care of the garments, not only those which she herself and her mother wore, but also those which were stored up for her brothers and royal father, and for presents to the friends of her future bridegroom, as well as for the outfit of her own future household. Upon her diligent attention in this department of her duties, depended much of her reputation at home and abroad.

As often, too, as it was necessary, she rose from her fragrant couch as soon as the morning

dawned, and, assisted by her hand-maids, she collected all the soiled garments together. Then came a scene not unlike that which I had just witnessed. Cisterns for washing were at the river side, at some distance from the public roads; a sumpter-carriage was got ready, to which a pair of mules was yoked, and in it was deposited the parcel of clothes. The royal mother meanwhile, not unmindful of her duties, stored the box of the vehicle with cold viands, to which she added a goat-skin full of delicious wine, for the princess and her maids. She gave her also a golden cruet of oil, with which they were to anoint themselves after bathing in the limpid stream.

All things being prepared, the princess mounted the car, took the whip and reins in her hands, and drove off to the cisterns. Her maids followed immediately on foot, and a joyous clamour rose amongst them, as they considered this a day of recreation. When they arrived at the cisterns (which, in their most improved form, were constructed of marble, in that part of the bank of a river where the water was deep enough, without partaking of the flowing course of the current) they stopped, and releasing the mules from the car, turned them

away to browze. The maids then untied the parcel, and each taking an equal quantity of the clothes, they went into the water, scoured them well with their hands, and footed them on large stones or flags polished by use. When the process of purification was completed, they spread the humid vestments on the cleanest part of the pebbly shore to dry. They then all plunged into the stream and bathed, after which they anointed their fair limbs with oil, and having resumed their light attire, sat down in a circle on the green margin of the flood, and enjoyed the viands and wine with which they were provided. The repast being finished, they rose, loosed the fillets that bound their moist hair, and permitting it to float in the breeze, they dispersed over the glade, and exercised themselves by throwing a ball from one to the other. The princess cheered the scene with the melody of her voice, and as they bounded on the grass, and laughed, and sung, and shouted in their innocent mirth; they, like those now before me, might be taken for so many nymphs of the neighbouring stream, who loved to animate the sweet solitude of the place by their gay and immortal presence. Thus they wantoned till the sun restored the gar-

ments to their usual lustre, when they folded them neatly, and arranged them in the car. The princess resumed her office of muleteer, returned to the palace, and resigned her charge to her brothers, who courteously met her and relieved her from further trouble.

CHAPTER X.

Bargaining—Departure for Athens—Voyage—The Piræus—Athens—Vandalism—The Parthenon—Its entablatures—Mysterious fire—Curiosities—Athenian improvements—Road to Corinth—Megara—Thunder storm—Isthmus of Corinth—Cutting the isthmus—Difficulties of the enterprize—Levels of the seas—Corinth—Change of climate—Vostizza.

While I was rambling among the mountains, the expected boat came in, and announced its departure again for Athens in the evening. The patron, however, as soon as he heard of my return, came to me, and expressed a wish at first that I should engage his vessel for myself alone, in which case he would sail immediately after sunset, when a land-breeze usually springs up. This was a regular attempt at imposition upon an Englishman, which impressed me with the con-

viction that some of my countrymen who have travelled in Greece must have conducted themselves as consummate coxcombs. Their highnesses would not condescend, forsooth, to make a voyage from Epidaurus to the other side of the gulph in a small packet, in which their precious persons were liable to be contaminated by the touch of a native Greek, or other passengers bound for the same destination. My new acquaintance was clearly of opinion that it was beneath my national dignity to reject his offer, the more especially as he proposed to place his vessel at my service for the moderate sum of one hundred drachmas!

Even my Greek valet could not stand this: he indignantly bade the fellow go away, but at the same time asked me how much I was inclined to give, he being himself on his route to Athens, and not all indisposed to perform it free of expense. I said, what was perfectly true, that I had not the most remote intention of engaging the vessel for my own use, the more especially as several persons, to my knowledge, were waiting at Epidaurus to procure a passage to the other side; and that, moreover, far from feeling any disinclination to sail in company with a motley group of all sorts of tra-

vellers, it was the thing of all others I preferred. So far as I was concerned, the boat being open to the atmosphere, they might fill it mast high if they liked, and I would take my chance with the rest. "How much are you to pay," I asked my kind adviser, "for your passage?" "Oh, sir," he replied, "I am but a very poor man—they will perhaps make me pay them two drachmas and a half." "And quite enough too," I observed, "for it is but a voyage of a few hours, and, for my own part, I shall pay no more."

The first negotiation having failed, the patron had the impudence again to come to me, and inquired whether, at all events, I might not wish to engage the best part of his vessel for myself, which I might have for the reduced sum of thirty drachmas. I went to look at his boat in order to understand what he meant by the "best part." It was a common coaster, without any deck; the bottom was filled with small gravel for ballast; and upon this gravel, unless I had a mattress, which I had not, I was to take my seat wherever I chose! I thanked him for his obliging offer; but gave him to understand that I had no ambition whatever to distinguish myself in any way from his other

passengers, and that I would pay the ordinary fare, whatever that was, but not a Lepta more. "Then," said he, angrily, "you shall not come in my boat." "Very well," I replied, "then you shall not sail to-night—at least not without me." Upon explaining the matter to the port-captain, who had to endorse my passport, he observed that I was quite right, and that he would not permit the vessel to leave the harbour if such an attempt at extortion, of which he was quite ashamed, were persevered in on the part of the patron, whom he immediately sent for, and reproved vehemently as a disgrace to the *kingdom!* My Greek, who was my dragoman throughout this proceeding, seemed very much astonished at this new revolution. So then, he said, or rather seemed to say, Englishmen are to be openly plundered no more!

I went on-board with my luggage about eight o'clock in the evening, and took my place on the *gravel*, sitting on my portmanteau. By-and-by came in a whole crowd of men, women, and children, including my acquaintances of the glen, with beds and mattresses, on which they settled themselves at once for sleep. We sailed at nine with a tolerably good breeze, which

however, died away soon after. The night was balmy and so clear that I never thought of sleep while contemplating the azure canopy of the sky, "thick inlaid with patens of bright gold," and feeling that the Parthenon would be soon within my view. Accordingly, by the earliest gleam of morning, while we were passing Ægina, I beheld that still glorious monument to the incarnate wisdom and genius of all antiquity. "If the progress of decay," said Mr. Hobhouse, "be as rapid as it has been for more than a century past, there will, in a few years, be not one marble standing upon another on the site of the Parthenon." I had expected to find this prophecy realized, as it was well known that the Turks, before they quitted the capital, had wantonly destroyed every remnant of its ancient lustre upon which they could lay their hands. Most agreeable, therefore, was my surprise to find so vast a pile of columns still remaining, to attest the miracles of which architecture is capable, the true gods of Paganism being the men who could conceive and embody, in a permanent form, the ideas that even to this hour, are breathing amid the sculptures of that mutilated temple.

It was tantalizing to be obliged to row all

the day, as not even a sigh of the atmosphere would come to our assistance. It was four o'clock in the afternoon before we entered the Piræus, where we found a considerable degree of bustle prevailing. Several Greek vessels were in the harbour; a French man-of-war was in the roads; and merchant ships, of some hundred tons burthen, were either delivering or receiving cargoes in the most systematic order. Upwards of a hundred horses and camels were waiting on the beach for employment, the road to Athens, which is at the distance of about five miles from the Piræus, being as yet chiefly traversed by animals with all sorts of burthens on their backs, although it was by no means impassable for carriages. I lost no time in procuring horses; and after riding for about an hour and a-quarter through the olive grounds which interpose between Athens and the sea, where, by-the-bye, companies of the Bavarian troops were encamped in wooden huts, being engaged in widening and re-constructing the road, I alighted at Casali's hotel, and was immediately shown to an excellent chamber.

A capital dinner and a bottle of genuine old Madeira compensated me for the privations of the morning; and after my bed of gravel, I

found Casali's unobjectionable. But when I sallied forth the next day to explore the wonders of Athens, alas! they were no longer to be seen. The once proud city of marble was literally a mass of ruins—the inglorious ruins of mud houses and wretched mosques, forming in all quarters such undistinguishable piles, that in going about I was wholly unable to fix upon any peculiarities of streets or buildings by which I might know my way from one part of the capital to another. With the exception of the remains of the Forum, the Temple of Theseus, which is still in excellent preservation, the celebrated columns of the temple of Jupiter Olympus, and the Parthenon, nothing now exists at Athens of all the splendid edifices by which it was so profusely decorated in the days of its glory.

I therefore devoted the whole day to the Acropolis, examining with a degree of admiration which every hour rendered more and more intense, the columns and capitals, but above all the entablatures, which time had spared, or Vandalism had still left unviolated upon that sacred mountain. "Time had spared!" The phrase has no meaning here; for it is the singular attribute of these skies of Attica to em-

balm in their own unchangeable purity every particular form or feature, even the slightest sprig, the most delicate flower, the most minute vein and curl of the leaf, the slightest smile of beauty, which the sculptor chooses to call into existence from the quarries of Pentelicus. The very heads that grace those columns are as round and as fresh at this moment as they were in the time of Pericles. A marble, which by some good fortune had been overlooked amongst the weeds by all the despoilers, was turned up a day or two before my visit, exhibiting a cantharus surrounded by a wreath of vine-leaves. The vessel stood out from the mass to which it was attached, and the wreath seemed as if it had just left the chisel of Phidias. In such a climate it is no poetical privilege to say, that the amaranths are immortal, rivalling those with which

——"the spirits elect
Bind their resplendent locks."

No! it is to the human animal alone, to his impieties against the divinity of genius, to those insane passions which urge him to war against his own tribes, to the insatiable desire of indiscriminate devastation which sometimes actuates him, as if he were obeying the mandate of some

evil spirit—or to what is still more debasing, the thirst of gold—rapine for the sake of restoring the shattered fortunes of a titled pauper, or of transmuting the adventurer into a parvenu—to these, thou holy pile! holy even after all the vices of our nature have done their worst upon thy fanes and altars, do we owe these prostrate columns, these fractured capitals, these loosened mutilated entablatures, bearing witness alike to the despicable dust, as well as to the redeeming god, of which man is composed.

Had the Parthenon remained perfect it would have been the Iliad in marble—in Pentelican marble; the polished, unchangeable, eloquent dialect of exalted conception—the living model of mind for all ages, which no age shall ever rival. Minerva, for whom the temple rose, was no fable. Her reputed wisdom, the terrors which her thunders cast upon the field of war, her preference for the olive and those arts of prosperous peace of which it was the symbol; the brilliant beauty of her presence when she started at once into existence, completely arrayed in panoply wrought by the immortal artist; her immediate admission into the assembly of the gods, her love for mankind, the peculiar tutelar favour with which she looked

upon Attica, her inflexible virtues, the matchless purity of her life, the pains which she took to teach kings how to cultivate the land, and the Argonauts the navigation of the seas, and the shepherdess the charms of the lute; her skill in embroidery, painting, poetry, and sculpture, and the exquisite perfection of taste which shone through all her works, were no more than the picture which the Parthenon itself displayed of transcendant genius in all the departments of thought and action upon which human intelligence, in its most inspired moods, can be exerted.

Enough of that pile,—which under the care of an enlightened government, may now be looked upon, I hope, as imperishable,—still remains to animate the new generations of Greece with the grandeur of antiquity. The very atmosphere of these ruins is favourable to the birth of noble aspirations. It is scarcely possible for any mind, open at all to improvement, to hold ineffectual converse with the figures that still live upon the entablatures, to mark the spirit impressed on their looks, the gracefulness with which they ride, or the power with which, standing on the earth, they rein back their proud horses, or the style in which they hold the pipe, or fling

upon the air the triumphant sound of the Bacchanal drum, while dancing in procession to the temple, or returning from the fields of victory.

A sentinel, who happened to be from the island of Cerigo, perceiving that I had lingered all the day among these ruins, suggested to me that I ought not to leave the Acropolis without examining what he and his comrades conceived to be the greatest curiosity of the place. He called one of the guard and desired him to shew me the "mysterious fire," as he called it. Upon quitting the porch of the temple, I turned under this man's guidance to the right, and descending a few steps towards the guard-house, I reached a part of the foundations of the Parthenon, which are composed of large blocks of marble fitted together without any cement. Looking in between two of these blocks, which were separated from each other little more than the eighth of an inch, I distinctly saw in the interior of the wall a pale yellow light, resembling that of a taper in the daytime.

At first I looked about to see whether this could be the result of a contrivance to procure a little fee for the benefit of the guard; but I could discover no ground whatever for any such suspicion. Neither was the sun then shining

on that part of the Acropolis; and the men assured me that the illumination was much stronger always during the night. I examined one or two other apertures in its immediate neighbourhood, and observed a similar light, which they had not discovered before, and which raised their wonder in a way that convinced me, that they at least were quite unconscious of any fraud. There was no smoke or heat about the spot; and the wall was of a thickness of at least from three to four feet, if not more. I concluded that the glow proceeded from some phosphoric substance or insect in the interior of the structure; and had only to lament that it was not known to the priests of the Parthenon of old, as it would have then been handed down to us as the divinity of some oracle, or as a fragment of the vestal fire which was never to be extinguished.

The site of the Areopagus; of the levelled rock, where the orators usually harangued the people of Athens; the place where the tribune stood; the indentures in the precipice where the laws and acts of authority were inserted and promulgated; the cave said to have been the prison of Socrates; the remarkable stone, still as slippery, and almost as brilliant as ice,

down which childless women are said to have made a practice of sliding, in former days, as a remedy for barrenness; and some few other "lions" of a minor character, served to while away another morning. I flattered myself, moreover, that a long narrow street, filled with shops of all sorts, which had escaped the destroying hand of the Turks, preserved an air of antiquity, and that the variety of objects which it displayed—such as fruits, grocery, wine, spirits, haberdashery, tailors, shoemakers, smiths, winders and weavers of silk, manufacturers of tassels and gold lace—might often have served to divert the intense thoughts of Demosthenes from the agitations of the forum; of Euripides from the theatre; of Aristides from the calumny by which that just man was assailed on account of his virtues. But I should never have done day-dreaming, if I had remained longer at Athens; and so having gone with Mr. Griffith over the handsome mansion, then nearly finished, for the British legation, visited the new buildings which were going on in its neighbourhood, intended to be the "West End" of the capital; observed the lines of new streets marked out amongst the ruins of Old Athens, and the very neat houses already completed in different parts of the new

town, where the saw and the mallet were busy in every direction, I engaged a brace of horses, and behold me on the road to Corinth.

The said road, by-the-bye, was no road at all; nothing more than a bridle path among the hills, all-fragrant with that peculiar thyme which enables the bees of the neighbouring ranges of Hymettus to produce the most delicious honey in the world, upon which said honey I feasted like a heathen god every morning. I slung a jar of it to my saddle-bow for a little stranger, who, I expected, would greet me on my arrival at home. The very rocks of Greece are redolent with some sort or another of vegetation, which can have no nutriment except from the atmosphere. Quitting the hills, we descended to the sea-shore by Salamis and those gloried waters where the Persian hosts were overwhelmed by a handful of freemen; passed through the ruins of Eleusis; and stopped for the night at Lyssa in a sort of inn, where horses, mules, donkies, and men all slept, I may say, together under the same roof. The habitable part of this stable was floored with clean planks, on which a hair-cloth was spread for me. The owner of the mansion gathered himself up in a corner; several Greeks were strewed about in

various directions; and I, wrapped in my cloak, found even the plank and hair-cloth preferable to a couch of gravel.

About two o'clock in the morning (13th November) my guide summoned me to the field, when I gladly pursued with him our way to Megara. Sagittarius and his congregation of worlds shed a brilliant lustre over the sky, which scarcely began to grow pale until we heard the cocks of the said Megara sounding their jocund horns. We soon after entered on the isthmus of Corinth, keeping still by the side of the sea; Salamis on our left; the sun rising over Ægina; Negropont, a cloud in the distance; the Epidaurian mountains standing out like giants of air; the sea beneath us a lake of crystal; the rocks over which we were wending, tossed into all sorts of jagged forms; here impeded by straggling roots of trees; there by trees overthrown in some storm; now menaced with destruction by masses depending over our heads; now in danger, if our animals made a false step, of making no gentle transition from the precipices above that beauteous mirror to the floors which shone beneath it, mosaiqued though they were all over by the hands of all the Nereids.

But for these perils, against which we occasionally guarded by allowing the horses to seek their own fortunes, I was sometimes compensated by following our course through patches of forest, still rich in foliage, through which vistas of the Ægean opened, such as no pencil can ever imitate. Trees and islands, skies and water, may be represented; and airy perspectives, shewn through a break in an old wood, may be wrought by a master into a semblance of enchantment; but here lived the enchantment itself, the ever-changing mystic lights and shades, which cannot be brought down from heaven; the memories of bright ages, of heroic deeds, of matchless poetry and eloquence, and of undying names, consecrated and preserved in one vast temple of glory, where silence always points her sceptre to the past.

At noon the Acropolis of Corinth burst upon the scene, and in a few hours afterwards we were in the town, where I spent the night—and such a night!—Heaven preserve us! I never before heard such a storm of thunder, never beheld such lightning as raged for four or five hours without interruption round the rocks of that lofty citadel. Had it not served as a natural conductor of the electric fluid, I hardly

know how the houses still remaining at its feet could have escaped destruction. The rain came down in deluges.

When I ascended the mountain the next morning, I questioned the Bavarian sentinels as to their feelings during the night, and they confessed that they had never known what a war of the elements was before, and that they had the strongest apprehensions about their powder magazine. But happily no accident occurred. The earth and the lower hills all round were smoking with the vapours raised by the sun from the waters, with which they were saturated. Nevertheless, I beheld, even before I was half-way to the top, the Ægean and the Gulf of Lepanto almost touching each other, and inviting the hand of commercial enterprize to complete the channel, which has been already partly excavated, for uniting the two seas.

I know of no measure which could be devised for the benefit of Greece, so well calculated to develop its natural riches, to excite a general spirit of industry amongst its people, and to ensure to that industry the most ample returns, as this project, no modern invention, for annihilating the Isthmus. A line of direct communication would thus be established, by which

all those parts of Greece, separated from each other by the prolongation of the Morea, and by the difficulties attendant on the navigation round its capes, might be immediately united. Missolonghi and Lepanto, Patras and even Gastuni, would thus be brought by steam-boats within a few hours of the Piræus. The Gulf of Lepanto, where now scarcely a sail is seen, would become another Bosphorus, the highway for merchant-vessels and steamers from the Ionian isles to Athens and the Cyclades. The whole coast of Albania would take an interest in the change, whose influence would extend to Naples, Ancona, and Venice, and above all to Trieste, now becoming a most important commercial station.

Athens, which in a few months will be brought down to the shore by its rail-road, would then become an emporium of exchange of the produce of the east for the produce and manufacture of the west. Corinth would be raised to a degree of splendour which it had never known before. The stagnant waters of Lepanto would be roused from their lethargy: the shores on either side, so dangerous to health in the summer and autumn, from the quantity of rank vegetation with which they teem, would be

ploughed up and cultivated—the Greek tertians and agues would disappear—population would rapidly increase, and the cotton and currants, wheat and oil, which may be grown in any part of the Morea, or of western Greece, where the rocks are not literally as bare of earth as rock can be, would ensure to the agriculturist, and the merchant, and the ship-owner, constant employment of the most advantageous description.

I apprehend that the real width of that portion of the Isthmus which still remains to be excavated, does not much exceed four English miles. Two of these miles traverse a mere plain on the western side of the Isthmus, where a canal has been already cut by the ancients about eighty feet deep and three hundred feet wide. The mouth of this canal is at present closed up with sands from the Gulf of Lepanto; these sands might be easily removed, and the remainder of the excavation, which is still visible to the extent of about six hundred feet, might be rendered available as far as it goes. The only great difficulties of the enterprise would be found in the rocky ridges which extend from Megara to the Acrocorinthus, the summits of which are about two hundred feet

above the level of the sea. Half the number of men now employed on the ba ks of the Danube, would, within the space of two or three years form a tunnel through these rocks by the process of blasting, sufficiently deep for vessels of any size to be towed through the canal by steamers. The ancients, without our auxiliaries of steam or powder, actually penetrated these precipices under the superintendence of Nero; although after his departure the works were abandoned. Beyond the rocks there is a remarkable ravine which might be easily enlarged, and which extends as far as the Saronic gulf.

Some persons have imagined that even if these difficulties were conquered, there would be still the insuperable inconvenience arising from what is really no more than a supposition, that the sea on the eastern side is higher than the sea in the Gulf of Lepanto. If the fact were so, the waters, if all obstruction were removed, would soon find their own level. Or, if an elevation did exist on the eastern side, and from any circumstance it were likely to be permanent, it might, if excessive, be corrected by a series of locks; if not excessive, it would have the effect only of producing a strong cur-

rent down the Gulf of Lepanto, and consequently of keeping the canal clear of the sands which have been hitherto accumulating at the head of that gulf. I have been informed that the whole expense of such an enterprize as this would not much exceed half a million sterling; and it would seem reasonable to calculate the returns on the capital, after the completion of the works, at not less than from ten to fifteen per cent.

The celebrated ancient columns, each formed of one block of stone, which every traveller has noticed, are in Corinth, with the exception of the Acrocorinthus, the only objects worth attention in the way of "lionising." The town is nearly as shapeless a mass of ruins as Athens itself. But even here the "restoration" of Greece was beginning to exhibit itself in the construction of several new houses, which are built in a plain substantial style.

The road from Corinth to Patras lies principally along the southern coast of the gulf, and in spring or early summer must be delightful, as it passes over declivities thickly wooded with flowering shrubs. Even the shingle has its clustres of bulbous roots, which when the stems are out and hung with their hyacinths, tulips, jon-

quils, and lilies, must give the country an appearance of gaiety unknown to our climate. We had rain and dense clouds constantly almost the whole way to Vostizza, which appeared the more remarkable, as the mountains on the opposite shore appeared at the same time to revel in the enjoyment of sunshine all day, and of a serene sky at night. I forget who it was of my predecessors that made the same remark: but I can bear witness to its truth. The traveller proceeding from Attica is at once sensible of a very striking difference between the temperature of the air in the Morea, and that which he had just left beyond the Isthmus.

Vostizza has been for some years, even before the termination of the revolution, a highly improving town. It is built on the site of the ancient Ægium, where the states of Achaia were accustomed to hold their general council. Being the principal, as well as the most central emporium for the collection of the currants which are cultivated in the Morea, and which, indeed, have derived their name from Corinth, where the trade was originally established, it exhibits a degree of activity and an appearance of wealth not yet known in any other part of Greece, with the exception of Napoli and

Patras. It stands considerably elevated above the sea, to which there is a descent from the town through what appears to be a *natural* tunnel, although art must have had something to do with the excavation itself, as well as with the steps which are formed in the rock.

A beautiful merchant-brig, belonging to the London house of Loury and Clarke was in the bay, waiting for a cargo of currants; I looked upon the vessel with no small pride, observing the superior appearance of structure, equipment, and of order, which it displayed, in comparison with the crazy, lubberly sloops and cutters by which it was surrounded. The superintendent, an intelligent Frenchman, civilly showed me over the store-house, where the currants were packed in casks. The trade seemed to afford employment to several coopers. As the produce is brought in from the country it is paid for in hard dollars; but English goods are at the same time taken out, which are purchased by the shopkeepers of the town, and paid for in the same kind of money; and although I believe the balance of export and import is as yet in favour of Vostizza, there is no reason to doubt that regenerated Greece has only to grow a little richer in order to be enabled to cultivate

her soil more extensively, and thus become a very considerable consumer of our manufactures.

There are many handsome private houses at Vostizza, with gardens behind them, full of the most beautiful of all trees,—those that yield the lemon and the orange. The fruit being never absent from the foliage in this mild climate—for the town seems to have a "pocket-climate" of its own as compared with other parts of the Morea; the deep yellow of the mature lemon or orange forming so agreeable a contrast with the green leaf, and the fruit not yet ripe exhibiting the progressive shades from the olive to the gold, these trees realize the vision of the poets, who tell us of regions where the spring never fails to bloom.

CHAPTER XI.

Great plane tree—Natural curiosity—Road to Patras—Police—Travelling companions—Motives of travel—Differences of opinion—Discussions—Settlement of accounts—Patras—Delay—The *Europa*—A Caffiné—Parnassus—Storm—Greek marriage—Luxurious dog—Temple of Ceres—Bay of Patras—Ants.

THERE is at Vostizza a remarkably large plane-tree, which has the reputation, I cannot say how justly, of being at least two thousand years old. It is certainly very old, and the finest specimen of vegetation that ever came under my notice. Its branches are individually as large as an ordinary tree; they rise to a great height, and extend their arms to such a distance in the air, that one easily believes the tradition of numerous armies having frequently

encamped beneath its "broad umbrage." The trunk is hollow, and so capacious that during the vicissitudes of the revolution, it was often used as a state prison for the confinement of prisoners of distinction. A family of five or six persons might live in it without inconvenience. The authorities of the town have, with laudable public spirit, built a solid platform around the trunk, to preserve from further violation an object which they look upon as the principal ornament of their town.

Wandering by the sea-shore to pick up shells and pebbles, if any I could find worth preservation, I lighted on a curious transparent marine substance, to which a fragment of the scales of some fish is attached. It is nearly square, somewhat larger than the palm of the hand, of unequal thickness, varying from a quarter to less than the eighth of an inch, of a chocolate colour on the side to which the pearly scales are attached, and of a limy appearance on the other. It is not a shell—it has much more the appearance of a petrifaction, but, at the same time, is nearly as clear as amber. A sprig of sea-weed is spread between the scales and the formation, which is pierced on the opposite by several small holes, like the mite holes in a

cheese. A second sprig, spread out in a very graceful manner, is seen in the interior of another part of the substance, which is also corroded on the limy side, as if the object were to admit light for the display of the branches and leaves of the vegetable prisoner.

But I have still to describe the most surprizing characteristics of this marine formation. When held up against a good light, in one angle, two human skeleton heads appertaining to one body are to be seen, and a philosopher appears to be examining them. At the opposite angle the greater part of the figure of a donkey is plainly discernible; the head, the pricked-up ears, the eyes, the mouth, the nose, the neck, the fore-legs, and a considerable portion of the body and one of the hind legs, are as clearly defined *within* the substance by the hand of nature, as if they had been delineated by an artist. A sack, apparently filled, is on the donkey's back, and a man with a *turban* on his head is as distinctly seen walking by his side, with his left hand resting on the back of the animal, who looks the patient drudging creature of earth to the very life. Towards the centre, the head of an ox presents itself peeping over the scales, as we sometimes see a cow,

anxious to get to its young one, looking over a gate. This transparency, or whatever the conchologists or mineralogists may choose to call it, is in my possession, and I shall be happy to shew it to any known scientific gentleman who may wish to inspect it. When I first picked it up on the shingle of Vostizza, it was a little below the surface of the water. It attracted my notice from the pearly scales which were attached to it; but the moment I held it up against the sun, the figure of the donkey and its driver were so manifest, that I congratulated myself on having thus accidentally found, perhaps, one of the most unique productions of nature in existence.

The road from Vostizza to Patras is much the same in character as the greater part of that from Corinth to Vostizza—frequent ascents to considerable heights amongst rocky hills thickly wooded with the most splendid shrubs, and sudden descents, which always appeared to me so perilous, that I allowed my horse to find his own way down, I walking behind him. The path was so narrow, that the danger was thus considerably increased, and I often wondered at the carelessness of my guide in pursuing his "unmolested solitary way" far in the rear, on the

top of my luggage, singing his melancholy Greek songs as quietly as if he were riding on a level pasture. For my own part, I enjoyed the scenery so much—the ever-changing aspect of the hills over which our course led; the variety of the shrubs, the largest, the richest in flower and fruit and foliage I had ever beheld; the sea whose weedy fragrance, unceasing murmur, and undulating waters, are never unwelcome to my heart; Parnassus, and its towering summits, on the other side, the abode of the Muses; the parent of the famed fount of Castaly—that I should have experienced no fatigue had I been obliged to walk the whole way.

Nor was it a disagreeable reflection to feel, that however favourable in times of disturbance, and during the days of Turkish oppression, these wooded hills and mountains and stinted pathways were to the habits of the brigand, I had no longer reason to be under apprehension in that respect. We were challenged almost every two hours by patrols, who were remarkably attentive to their duties, and not only civil, but respectful in the performance of them. This sense of security doubles the pleasure of a traveller pursuing his route, as I then was, unarmed, I may say alone—loneliness amidst such sce-

nery being absolutely essential to the indulgence of those reveries, idle though they be for the moment, which I would not exchange for all the splendours of a court.

Before I set out on my journey originally, at Paris, at Vienna, Constantinople, and Napoli, several propositions were made to me by Englishmen, whose acquaintance I chanced to make—men highly accomplished, and in every way worthy of my respect, with a view of my joining or being joined by them during such portions of my tour as might coincide with the views of both parties. These propositions I uniformly evaded as civilly as I could. In a public diligence, a steam-packet, a hotel, or during my temporary residence in a town, I was always happy to meet my countrymen; for no travellers are more courteous towards each other abroad, none more frank in their intercourse, and few better informed than the well-educated English ramblers, who may be encountered in every part of the continent. Many such men it was my good fortune to fall in with; and although, from a sense of delicacy, I have not always mentioned their names, they will, I am confident, do me the justice to believe, that I have not forgotten the attentions

which I experienced at their hands. My time being much more limited than theirs, they frequently had it in their power to give me information, which saved the trouble of inquiry and the risk of delay; and on such occasions the assistance which they gave me was really invaluable.

But for some reason or another, which I cannot very well analyse in my own mind, I have an invincible objection to companionship in travelling. Had circumstances permitted any member of my own family to be with me, I should have been delighted to avail myself of them; but that was a pleasure which I could not have enjoyed, and, debarred of it, I found my best refuge in loneliness.

Besides, I had more than once an opportunity of observing how seldom it happened that the tastes of two or more travelling companions completely agreed. When men happen to bind themselves by any engagements, whether implied or formally expressed, to go on together for any distance in foreign countries, it is wonderful how soon all the guards of ordinary courtesy are put aside, and they become entirely dependent on the temper, the dispositions, and the natural characters of each other for their respective comforts. One would turn off the

high road to any distance, to explore the smallest fragment of a ruin. When his friend indulges him in his fancy, and sees, as he would see, for instance, at Thebes in Bœotia, only a few stones, and then asks, "Is this all?" it is manifest that they can travel no longer together with the slightest sense of pleasure. Thebes, though, like Marathon, it has nothing to shew, is full of interest for minds of a peculiar order; while there are others, equally well cultivated, equally powerful, and, perhaps, more useful in their way, in which even the Parthenon would excite no kind of emotion.

Again, some men travel for the mere purpose of doing that which others have done; of being able to say, when they return to England, that they had seen every thing which was to be seen; that they had lived so long at Athens, so long at Venice, so long at Rome, and had made the tour of Sicily, or Egypt, or visited Palmyra; and all this they shall have accomplished, thinking of nothing, dreaming of nothing, during the whole period of their tour, except the comforts which they had abandoned at home, and the annoyances which they experience at every step they take abroad. Defend me from such men as these!

Again, of two travelling companions, "dear friends," one is a perfect exquisite in every department of his equipment. He carries his own bed and kitchen with him; his servant is a "non-such," and his tour is that of a mere sybarite. He has his apparatus for making coffee in his carriage; his spirits of wine, to produce a flame; his Lucifer-matches, tapers, and all sorts of things, including concentrated soups in tin cases; genuine tea from Cheapside; cigars from Cuba; air-cushions for his seat; air-cushions to support his back; fur boots, and a silver-mounted bottle of brandy. His companion is of kindred dispositions; but the single equipment does for both. If, by some mistake, the coffee-pot is left behind at one place; the spirits-of-wine bottle be broken at another; the "real Havannas" be stolen; the Lucifer-matches cease to give a light when applied to; the soups turn sour, or a nail make a rent in the air-cushions—it is all over with them; they may as well go back at once, for it is only *yawn* and "God damn!" all the rest of the journey!

One man is the model of precision: his breakfast is ordered to a second; he cannot wait dinner for any body beyond three minutes; the horses are put to the travelling carriage, the

step of which he ascends at a stated moment, his time-piece in his hand. His companion, never very regular in his habits, becomes quite a sloven the moment an attempt is made to reduce his movements to any thing like system; that is a restraint to which he has been unaccustomed, and to which he will not submit. Accordingly, when he arrives at the breakfast-table, the tea is "cold;" a fresh quantity is put in, that is, "waste," which, if he had got up just "ten minutes" sooner, might have been saved; and "genuine tea" is not to be had out of England! "When shall we dine to-day? Now say, for once, your own time, and keep to it; that is all I require."—"Well, let me see; five o'clock."—"Too soon. We shall hardly be back from the churches we engaged to visit by that time."—"Then, say six."—"Six! Oh, I have a private engagement at six."—"Private! I thought we were companions in all engagements."—"But this is a particular engagement; old friends, whom I met yesterday, and to whom, perhaps, I may have permission to introduce you on another occasion, but not now."—"Hem! then, perhaps, you will dine with them; that is what you would prefer to do?"—"Oh dear, no! not at

all; such a notion never entered my head."—"Then, will half-past seven do?"—"By that you mean a quarter to eight."—"Very well, be it so; a quarter to eight."—"You will be punctual to the fifteenth minute."—"To the second."

The day is worn off; the churches are passed through; the private engagement separates the friends, to the chagrin of one, the secret delight of the other. But chagrin will have its revenge. The deserted companion knows not what to do; the evening hangs heavy on his hands; a play bill attracts his attention in a shop window; he steps into a *restaurateur's*, takes his dinner, bolts into the theatre; gets to bed about twelve o'clock, very well knowing that his friend, who of all things abhors dining alone, is destined to pass the whole night in a fever, which however he deserves for his "private engagement!" The next morning there is a scene, which ends in the settlement of all accounts, and the "companions" scarcely know each other at the next evening or dinner party where they may chance to meet!

"Blest be the day I 'scaped the wrangling crew!"

"But hail, ye mighty masters of the lay,
Nature's true sons, the friends of man and truth!
Whose songs sublimely sweet, serenely gay,
Amused my childhood, and inform'd my youth.

O let your spirit still my bosom soothe,
Inspire my dreams, and my wild wanderings guide:
Your voice each rugged path of life can smooth,
For well I know, wherever ye reside,
There harmony, and peace, and innocence abide.

"Hail! who the melodies of morn can tell?
The wild brook bubbling down the mountain side;
The lowing herd; the sheepfold's simple bell;
The pipe of early shepherd dim descried
In the lone valley; echoing far and wide
The clamorous horn along the cliffs above;
The hollow murmur of the ocean-tide;
The hum of bees, the linnet's lay of love,
And the full choir that wakes the universal grove."

On arriving at Patras (16th November), I visited Mr. Crowe, our consul, to whom I had a note of introduction from Mr. Dawkins, and to whom, as well as to his very amiable family, I am indebted for much kindness during my protracted stay at that place. I soon learned that I had little chance of quitting Patras for a week; that the English steam-boat from Malta, which usually touched at that port on its way to Corfu, was not likely to make its appearance until the 23d; that the Austrian sailing packet, which plies regularly between Patras, Corfu, and Trieste, was not yet come in, though hourly expected, and that even if I were in Corfu at

that moment, I had no chance of overtaking the island steamer for Ancona, as it only went once a month, and it had gone the day before!

Having been hitherto so fortunate throughout my journey, I could afford to submit to a disappointment or two very well, and so, having no reason to grumble against my hotel, the "Europa," except that now and then, while sitting in my room, I had reason to lament the loss of my umbrella, as the roof had the *Therapian* complaint in rainy weather, I bethought me after what fashion I could best occupy my time. The vice-consul, Mr. Robinson, who happened to be with Mr. Crowe when I presented my letter, offered me his best services, and took a special interest in supplying me from his store of books, as well as from his personal experience, with ample materials for forming my opinions with respect to the actual condition and future prospects of Greece. These opinions I have already sufficiently detailed; and though they differ in some degree from the views which his own active and vigorous mind had led that gentleman to form, I am sure he will at all events admit that we both wish to arrive at the same object, though we would pursue different routes towards its attainment.

How could I have written that I had no reason to "grumble" against the "Europa?" Alas! I had abundant grounds for vexation of spirit the first day or two, at all events; for the mind, happily, soon acquiesces in any state of things which seems immutable. My chamber was over a *caffiné*, and the floor having no ceiling beneath it, every word spoken below, every jingle of every cup, and every glass, every clash of the billiard players, came to me with a sharpness which soon formed a melancholy contrast in my ear with

"The wild brook babbling down the mountain side!"

A large knot had given way in one of my boards, which tended not a little, together with their open joints, to facilitate the ascent of the hubbub that was going on perpetually below, where billiards, cards, coffee, wine, incessant chatter in all corners of the shop, in whatever mode the groups were otherwise employed, seemed to be the order of the whole live-long day, from day-break to ten or eleven o'clock at night. I had heard and read much of the eloquence of the Greeks—but no description can do it justice, so far as volubility, the quantity of words emitted within a given space of time, the loudness of intonation, the violence of

gesticulation, and its power of irresistible perturbation of all ideas in the mind of a disinterested and uncomprehending auditor, are concerned.

My first sensation was astonishment that the *caffiné* could thus be filled at so early an hour in the morning, that it could remain filled all the day, and that so many talkers could have been found at Patras. But I satisfied myself by occasionally spying at my friends below through the knot-hole, that the possession of a table was deemed a token of peculiar good fortune here; that, therefore, it was seized as early as possible, and not relinquished except upon conditions of regular succession during the remaining hours of the day. Cards were in every hand not employed at billiards; wine was before every body not pre-engaged to coffee; but the employment of the tongue was every where terribly harmonious. No murder was done, much to my surprise, though every body seemed to be at war with his neighbour.

This sort of amusement passed on for a day or two, and as I could not conquer the noise it produced, I was resolved to treat it as an element—as the roar of the sea, which it often resembled; and I thus contrived to get on so

well, that it ceased to divert my attention from other matters. It commenced and ended at certain hours, and as it was uninterrupted, I thought no more of it than of any other kind of tempest. One night, however, I had a touch of rheumatism in the knee, which I had caught among the damp and showery woods of the shore of the Lepanto; it kept me in torture during the early part of the night, but at length I went off to sleep until about three o'clock A. M., when I was almost shaken out of my bed by one of those furious thunder storms, which frequent the mountains of Greece, and which do, in fact, impress the mind with a feeling that war has broken out in the heavens, and that the gods are absolutely hurling their arsenals of artillery and fire against each other with an anger altogether above the reach of human conception.

The ranges of Parnassus may be said, whatever local names they bear, to extend into Albania, along the whole of the Gulf of Lepanto. The mountains of which they are composed have the wildest shapes, and seem fond of playing at magic not only with the lights of the sun, the clouds that intercept those lights, the nocturnal vapours and their own fantastic

shadows, but also with the lightnings and the hallooing of the thunders that follow them, as if spirits were chasing monsters of evil from precipice to precipice. I beheld from my windows the indifference with which those huge masses sometimes bared their bosoms to the flashes, folded again their shrouds around them, re-echoed the halloos as if in mockery, and detained the illumination upon their heads as if to proclaim that they too were worthy of the crowns of the immortals.

But all passed away like a vision of the fevered sleeper; the skies were wrapped in darkness, and the rain came down with a soothing fall, when I returned to bed, hoping that I had still some hours of good rest before me. Scarcely had I closed my eyes when another tremendous uproar suddenly broke forth, but accompanied by the sounds of guitars and tabors, the stamping of feet, with shouts at intervals, and then a chorus of wild song in which the dancers, breathless from exertion, still endeavoured to join. No words were spoken; and for a while, before I shook off slumber, I imagined that I must have been transported to the interior halls of the opposite mountains to witness the triumph of the hunters

of the night, exulting round the horrid game they had captured.

As the day broke apace, the crowds of dancers, singers, and musicians increased, and then, when the plague of sounds had reached its paroxysm, the random clouds of the late storm discharged their lightnings, while the murmurs of the distant and dying thunders formed a continued bass to the music. The moon looked out now and then from behind her curtains in the sky—like the first dove who was commissioned to see if the waters had subsided. The sea was tranquil, and a Greek corvette of war anchored in the harbour, several fishing-boats spreading their sails, and a few caiques already showing signs of activity, reflected now the pale light of that serene orb, now the red flash from the mountains. All sounds at length declined into perfect stillness, and I awoke no more until the sun was in full career, midway up the arch of the heavens.

When breakfast made its appearance, I inquired from my *garçon* the cause of all the hubbub which I had heard at so early an hour of the morning, which he explained by saying, that a wedding had just taken place; that the parties had met in the *caffiné* below, before

going to the church; and that, in conformity with the ancient custom of Greece, the ceremony had commenced with dancing and the hymeneal song; after which the bride and bridegroom, the members and friends of their families, went in procession to the sanctuary, where they were united. Though so rudely disturbed by their proceedings, I must say that I freely forgave the offenders, as they had thus given me a decided proof of their attachment to the venerable practices of their ancestors.

While I was sitting at my window, looking at the mountains opposite, which, after the rains and storms of the night, appeared like so many sketches in Indian ink upon a less dark ground of mist behind them, I could not help laughing at an independent sort of Italian hound, who walked about as if upon his own affairs, wrapped in a handsome cloak of goat-skin, turned inside out, with a regular cape to it. He seemed quite at home in his mantle of state, and passed by all other dogs with an air of that sort of high indifference, that would not condescend even to despise the inferior curs of the street.

Gordon's admirable history of the Greek revolution, Leake's elaborate tour through the Morea, and Pausanias, served to occupy me use-

fully during the four or five first days after my arrival at Patras—days of almost incessant rain in the mornings—then an hour or two of sunshine, and then rain again, *sans intermission*, the whole evening. When the weather permitted, I joined Mrs. Crowe's family circle, which was also the rendezvous of the Austrian and French consuls, Zuccoli and Dervoize, both agreeable, intelligent men. The nights being cold, we found a Newcastle coal fire no disagreeable appendage to a cup of excellent tea.

As soon as the days again became settled, I explored the curiosities of the neighbourhood, amongst which the ancient church of St. Andrew stands most conspicuous. The floor of the celebrated temple of Ceres, near which the church was erected, still preserves its beautiful mosaique ornaments; and a little to the west of both, I descended to the well mentioned by Pausanias, to which the same number of marble steps conducted me which that excellent topographer counted when he visited the fountain. The water is most delicious. I drank a full glass of it, in honour of the genius of the place.

On the 21st of November, the Austrian packet from Trieste came in, having been detained

nearly a fortnight beyond its time by contrary winds. It was announced for departure again the following evening, on its way to Corfu; but as the steamer was expected every hour from Malta, I deferred engaging my passage until the last moment. I spent the whole morning in the castle of Patras, a sort of Acropolis, which commanded a very extensive view, under the hope that I might succeed in discovering the smoke of the steam-boat. From the watch-tower of the castle the prospect is remarkably fine, comprehending the well-known bicipital summits of Parnassus, which were just covered with the first snows of the year, towering in the north-east beyond its lesser ranges, the noble bay of Patras, which seemed a vast lake, almost wholly surrounded by mountains, and in the western distance the blue heights of Cephalonia. I flattered myself once or twice that I had discerned the smoke of the steamer floating on the very verge of the horizon, but I was deceived.

I visited the ruins of an ancient aqueduct, which still remain in good preservation, at a short distance from the castle. Being well mantled in ivy and other creeping plants, they looked picturesque. From these ruins, I ascended the neighbouring hills, amongst which

I found the plough actively engaged. I made acquaintance also with two or three colonies of ants, who were extremely busy returning to their respective subterraneous cities, each having in his mouth a small circular leaf of some grass or weed, in the centre of which a little seed was fixed. Whole armies were following each other in single file, burthened in this manner. When the industrious insect arrived at the little aperture that led to his world below, down he ran, as fast as he could, sometimes tumbling head over heels on the way. I purposely narrowed, with the end of my cane, the gate of their citadel, and it was wonderful what a congregation of candidates for admission this interruption caused in a moment. What a noise! what fretfulness! what confusion! And yet, though the aperture for ascent was hard by, none of these experienced waggoners would attempt that route, knowing that they would thus meet the ascending armies, bent on a similar mission, and that they would thus violate one of the most sacred laws for the economy of time and labour known to their ancient nation.

CHAPTER XII.

Austrian Packet—Living on board—Ionian Isles—Corfu.—Situation of Corfu—A day late—Complaints—Commerce—Monopoly—Improvements—Lord Nugent—Garrison Library—Newspapers—A character—A mission—Voyage—Atmospheric delusion—Ragusa—Contrary winds—Water spout.

The steam-boat having failed to make her appearance, I engaged my passage to Corfu on board the Austrian packet *Vigilante* (Captain Melchiori), a very handsome frigate, pierced for ten guns, extremely well fitted out in every respect. I went on-board at night on the 22d, and the wind being right against us, we were unable to get under weigh until about three o'clock the following morning, when we began to tack out of the gulf. The operation was a very slow one, as there was then scarcely any wind around us. We lingered the whole day within sight of Patras, and approached so near

to Missolonghi that we could see the people walking on its beach. The day was splendid. In the evening a veil of gossamer mist was suspended before the face of the hills on the southern shore; and the edge of the cloud being denser than the rest, had all the appearance of a ribbon to tie it round the brow for which it was destined. I was the only passenger on-board. The captain had been in the naval service of the emperor for forty years; and he was assisted in his duties by a first and second lieutenant, both active and intelligent men, who relieved each other on deck every four hours throughout the whole of the voyage. The attention of these gentlemen to their duties, and the perfect order that reigned on-board, might bear a comparison with any similar establishment in which even our own naval officers occasionally find employment.

Our mode of living was this,—and as it was seldom deviated from, except that the dishes were occasionally varied, the description of one day will do for all. At half-past eight o'clock in the morning, coffee was served in small cups, with a piece of biscuit, or a crust of bread. The coffee we took wherever we happened to be at that time, on deck, or in bed, or making

our toilet. At nine the table was prepared for breakfast in the officer's cabin, where also our berths (very comfortable berths too) were arranged, with half-latticed doors that shut them in. Breakfast usually consisted of biscuits, fried eggs (there being plenty of poultry on board), broiled liver, slices of *uncooked* ham, cheese, walnuts, and raisins, and red Santa Maura wine. We dined at three o'clock, usually beginning with rice or maccaroni, or vermicelli soup, zested by Parmesan cheese. Then came bouilli with beet-root, roast beef, roast or stewed fowl, with celery tops or some other green vegetable by way of salad; then cheese, walnuts and raisins and apples; sometimes a glass of liqueur, and coffee. Our wine was usually that of Santa Maura, and by no means objectionable.

The biscuits were the best I ever tasted. When our stock of bread was consumed, we had recourse to them: it was only necessary to dip them for a moment in a glass of water, and they become as soft as bread. In short, the living on board the *Vigilante* was such that I should have had no difficulty in "roughing it" with such fare for a voyage of any length whatever. My bed was very good in a plain way.

If I wished to be alone, I retired to it and shut my door, and read or wrote by the light of the reflector at top, or slept, just as the fancy of the hour suggested. At night, there was a warm glass of good rum punch for any body who liked it, and the pipe and cigar, being confined to the deck, I suffered no inconvenience in that respect. There was a fiddler among the sailors, and also a guitarist, who, when all was going on smooth, cheered their companions with Maltese or Illyrian airs.

On the second morning of our voyage (24th November) when I went on deck, I had the gratification to find that we made way during the night, and were already close by the northern shore of Ithaca, which was on our left, as well as Cape Nisardo in Cephalonia, and on our right the island of Santa Maura. The morning was cloudy, with a light south wind, which yielding soon after to a strong land-breeze from the east, that bent our vessel almost on its side, we went on at the rate of nine or ten knots an hour. Soon after, we came in sight of the small islands of Paxo and Anti-paxo, and passed by Parga, on the Albanian shore, which looked magnificent at a distance. The wind having again changed to the south, it

was directly in our stern, and we proceeded with all our sails distended right before the breeze. Cape Bianco, off Corfu, was seen before sunset, at and half-past ten o'clock the same night we were anchored before the town, having performed, notwithstanding our delay in tacking out of the gulf, the speediest passage from Patras to Corfu which the *Vigilante* had ever known.

The next morning (25th) I went ashore, and proceeded to the Bella Venetia; but it was full of people waiting to go to Zante by the *Island* steamer. I next tried Serjeant Taylor's, as the English familiarly call a very decent private hotel, kept by a veteran of that name, who has the reputation, and I believe deservedly, of being the most civil, as well as the most hospitable of innkeepers: but there too I failed to obtain admission, as the house was filled with Englishmen, three of whom were waiting for the packet to Trieste. The serjeant, however, sent out a friend to conduct me to a locanda, or lodging-house; and as I was going along the street we were met by a Greek priest, who offered to provide me with an apartment in his own house. I immediately accepted his offer, and followed him to a

respectable house, where he assigned me the best room he had at his disposal. It was not particularly elegant, but I was contented with its appearance; and having arranged my *personnel* I went forth to see the town, in which I found myself at once at home, as red coats, English artillerymen, and the beautiful Irish brogue, told me, without much circumlocution, that I was under the protection of a powerful British garrison.

In a few years, Corfu will be a second Gibraltar. The works already completed, and those which have been commenced will, when the whole shall be perfected, render that position impregnable, if so unmilitary a critic as myself may presume to form a judgment on the matter. The situation of Corfu is one almost of matchless beauty. To me its ample harbour, the fortified island by which it is protected on the south-east, its fine opening towards the Adriatic, its Acropolis, with a lighthouse that seems lifted to the sky, its position with relation to the ranges of Pindus, Bucintro, and Tepelene on the Albanian shore, confer upon it a variety and grandeur of scenery, scarcely inferior to that which has gained so much admiration for the Bay of Naples.

I paid my respects to the Lord High Commissioner (Lord Nugent), whom I was glad to find in excellent health and spirits. He desired that I should join his family circle at dinner, where I found that I had just been one day too late to witness two of the most interesting spectacles that had been exhibited for many years in the Ionian islands. The previous day had been celebrated by a species of tournament peculiar to the islands, in which some of the native young noblemen, and the officers of our garrison, clothed in splendid armour, had contended for prizes, the value of which must have been not a little augmented in the estimation of the victors when presented to them by the hand of Lady Nugent, whose personal accomplishments and exquisite literary taste have been rendered familiar to us all by more than one standard production in our language. The same evening a fancy ball took place at the palace, a spacious and very handsome edifice, well calculated for the display of every kind of hospitality; and I must say that I was for once disposed to bring my stars to account for depriving me of the pleasure, which I should have felt had I been in Corfu twenty-four hours sooner, when I heard from Lady Georgiana Hill of the assemblage

of beauty, and of gay and various costumes which had graced the rooms on that occasion. Lady Arundel, who happened to be on a visit to her brother at the time, was ill-prepared, I fear, for these festive scenes; her widow's weeds still expressed, in their deep under-tones of grief, a calamity, the extent of which I was myself enabled to appreciate, as I had known something of the estimable virtues by which the late Lord Arundel had been so eminently distinguished.

The English mercantile residents at Corfu with whom I happened to come in contact during my very limited sojourn amongst them, were loud in their complaints that Ionians were uniformly preferred to them, whenever the Lord High Commissioner had any appointments to bestow. I plainly told them that their complaints appeared to me to be most unreasonable; that it was the first duty of that officer to protect the Ionian people in all their civil rights and privileges; that the islands were not English settlements, nor intended ever to become so; and that the true policy of England with reference to these states was, to develop all their resources; to consider them as Greek in every sense of the word; to diffuse amongst

them the blessings of civilization; to foster and extend their commerce; to establish an intimate alliance between them and their brethren under the sceptre of Otho, and to assist in accelerating the prosperity of the new Greek monarchy, by presenting models for it in all the departments of government and of public economy among the Ionian people.

Another set of persons were also strong in their denunciations against Lord Nugent's administration, whose occupation he had certainly very seriously, and for the Islands very happily, ruined. These were Jews and jobbers of the very worst description, who realized large incomes every year by the following means. The principal produce of the Islands, so far as their commerce with England is concerned, consists of currants. If any body be entitled to the largest proportion of profit which the fruit is capable of yielding, I apprehend it is the owner, or cultivator of the soil on which it grows. It so happened, however, that hitherto the agriculturist was the only party who became more distressed every year, while he saw at Corfu and elsewhere, a class of commission-merchants acquiring the opulence that really belonged to himself. When the quantity of

the crop was ascertainable, these men combined together to fix a price for it amongst themselves, which they tendered to the cultivators, and as the latter generally stood in need every year of an advance by way of loan upon his crop, he had no alternative but to accept their terms, or to let his currants rot upon the ground. The consequence was, that whatever was the maximum of price which the commission-merchants exacted from the foreign purchasers, the minimum, affording a miserable return for his expenses and labour, was sure to be the lot of the grower.

This was not all. The commission-merchants, having secured a monopoly by their loans to the grower, sold the produce at the highest possible prices to the British importer, or rather to the British consumer; for the said importer was in most cases the commission-merchant under his own or another name. Then an enormous tax, framed on the very worst principles of economy, was imposed on the currants on their exportation from the Islands, and on their importation into England.

These were all great evils. Lord Nugent redressed them in the following manner:—He lent from the treasury of the states to the growers

the sums of which they stood in need, in order to get in their crops: he thus enabled them to go into the market themselves, and to dispose of their produce to the highest bidder. But there was no competition—the jobbers combined to prevent it, and again fixed their own prices. Lord Nugent then lent capital to respectable natives, who embarked in the trade, and who found themselves enabled, by this assistance, to carry it on upon principles equitably advantageous to all parties. Thus the monopoly which had for a century weighed down the great capabilities of the Ionian Islands was completely destroyed. His Lordship also, through the Legislature, had the export duty reduced to a reasonable amount, and convinced the British Government that the import duty ought to be lessened in proportion, which was done; and by this course of judicious policy, though his Lordship may have made some irreconcilable enemies, he has undoubtedly secured to his conscience the gratifying reflection, that during the too brief period of his administration, he has done more for the real amelioration of the Ionian Islands than all his predecessors put together.

In establishing steam-communication between the Islands themselves, as well as between the

Ionian ports and those of Greece and Italy, Lord Nugent has also contributed essentially to open prospects of active and benefical commerce to those dependencies of Great Britain, which they could scarcely have contemplated when they were placed under our protection. But above all, in mitigating the feudal horrors of their penal code, he has shown himself, at the head of the Ionian government, in the same character which he had uniformly sustained as the representative of the people in the British parliament—the inflexible unwearied advocate of justice tempered by mercy, of equal rights for all classes in the state, and of such stern safeguards against the encroachments of despotism upon the lawful privileges of the subject, as his own Hampden would have advocated, or if necessary, have demanded at the hazard even of his freedom.

Judging by all that I heard at Corfu—from his enemies, be it observed, rather than from his friends—and by all that I have since learned of Lord Nugent's Ionian administration, I do most sincerely regret that his high sense of what he owed to his party, induced him prematurely to resign his office before the return of Lord Melbourne to the chieftaincy of the Go-

vernment. Nor was it to me the least interesting passage in the recent biography of this nobleman, that the same person whom I had seen towards the close of November last in the palace of Corfu, surrounded by princely splendour, I found, a few days ago, in a small parlour in Grosvenor Street, whose principal ornaments were some old Greek urns and fragments of armour—the only symbols, I believe, of the increase to his fortune with which he has returned from his late vice-royalty.

There is an excellent garrison library near the palace at Corfu. I was extremely anxious to read the latest newspapers from England; but not happening to have any military acquaintance in the garrison, I presented my card at the door, and discovered, very much to my satisfaction, that I had already secured myself an admission to the institution by the publication of my "Visit to Spain," which the librarian was so good as to say had rendered any further introduction in my favour unnecessary. He shewed me the book on the shelves. He further informed me of a circumstance of which I had been previously ignorant, that I was the relative of a nobleman whose name I bear—at least he said that when that individual was lately at

Corfu, he expressed his belief that the author of the work in question was one of his kindred. It is very pleasant for a literary man to find that in places where he is personally unknown, his exertions may have rendered his name acceptable to persons of so much private worth as the nobleman to whom I allude, and with whom I have never, by any chance, had the slightest communication. Neither have I any sort of claim to the honour which he conferred upon me: but still it is gratifying in these degenerate days of literary influence to observe, that intellect has its claims upon rank, as well as consanguinity, and that even when those claims are not preferred, and, indeed, are not thought of, they are ready to be acknowledged.

However, I would not break through the garrison rule of an introduction, and Mr. Matthias of the Artillery, who happened to be present, undertook to be my sponsor. The papers did not come down later than the 12th of November, but they contained a great mass of intelligence with which I had been unacquainted.

I could have spent some weeks with great pleasure at Corfu, but the time of the Austrian packet being expired, I returned to my berth on the 26th (November). The three Englishmen,

of whom I had already heard at Sergeant Taylor's, were in the cabin. We were under weigh at four o'clock A.M. the following morning, but there being scarcely any wind, we loitered all day in the canal of Corfu.

We all soon discovered that we had a *character* on-board, who was likely to afford us some amusement during our voyage. He was dressed in blue fustian trowsers, a shirt, a black serge cassock, a shovel hat, and a very scanty mantle of the same material as his cassock, scarcely reaching below his shoulders. He said he was a Frenchman ; that he had been educated for the church at the college of Limoges ; that he had received deacon's orders. He had had an inspiration, he assured us, which bade him perform a pilgrimage to the holy sepulchre at Jerusalem, and he had gone as far as Alexandria for that purpose ; but having been informed at that place by his consul, that the plague would be very likely to dispose of him if he went much farther, he prudently postponed his pilgrimage, and was now on his return to France. His great hat, which had evidently seen much service, he wore only on occasions of state; his ordinary head-dress was a silk handkerchief tied tightly round his forehead, which

rather augmented the caricature expression of his round jolly-looking face. He had his berth forward; but as he really was a well-educated man, and a most eccentric fellow in every way, we frequently drew him out, whenever he was not inclined, though that happened very rarely—to exhibit himself for our entertainment.

We sent for the deacon in the evening, and offered him some punch; but he preferred the unadulterated liquor, which soon opened all the sources of his eloquence. He informed us that he had a mission to preach to the heathens, and favoured us with some of the harangues by which he had meditated to convert them. They were very droll; but he argued that drollery was often more convincing than a homily, and it was his peculiar mission to laugh the Arabs out of their errors. We asked him in what language he meant to address them, as it was possible they might not understand French. To which he replied, with a mystic shrug of the shoulders, that wherever he went the French language would be instantly known to every body by *inspiration*; indeed, it was the only language now spoken in Paradise, and would soon become universal upon earth!

On the 28th we were still stationary—not a

breath of wind in any part of the heavens—the day dark, rainy, and miserable. Better hopes came with the ensuing morning, when the sun shone warmly through a perfectly cloudless sky. Light winds sprung up, and wafted us at length quietly beyond the canal of Corfu. We fired in vain at two cormorants who were perched at some distance on a rock, engaged in fishing, while, as usual, a gull acted as their sentinel, doubtless expecting to be well paid for his trouble. During the night we made about seventy miles, and proceeded on the 30th at a fair rate until about noon, when the wind changed from the south to the north-west—that is to say, right against us. The vessel rolled a good deal, and though at three o'clock we all sat down to dinner as usual, the table was soon thinned of its guests. Strange to say, the doctor attached to the packet was the first to surrender—he was followed by my three English fellow-passengers—and the captain, the two lieutenants, and I, had the desert to ourselves.

December came, as it ought to do, with a "fine frosty morning," as the extinct watchmen used to say; the wind still either north-west or north-east; in either way almost equally hostile to our right course. We were steering

for Ragusa, but we had no chance of "progressing;" and so we beat about the whole day and the whole of the ensuing night: in the morning we had the felicity to observe that we had "advanced backwards;" we were perfectly becalmed the whole day.

A magnificent atmospheric delusion appeared in the western sky the whole evening. The sun set behind a field of broken clouds, which seemed to extend along the whole of the Italian side of the Adriatic. The fragments of vapour were fixed, and precisely resembled a dense and boundless forest of pines. The trunks, some biforked, the branches, the rounded tops, here thickly clustering behind one another, there opening vistas through the depths of the shade behind, looked as if Nature were engaged in one of her sublimest moods of study for some exhibition worthy of another sphere.

While we were gazing with silent admiration at this wondrous scene, the sun shot his parting rays upward from below the horizon, and pointed to the new moon, which, with the evening star just above it, reminded me of the skies of Turkey and the Ægean.

On the evening of the 3d we entered the small, but secure, interesting harbour of Gravosa, near

Ragusa, but were not allowed to land, on account of quarantine. Luckily the packet had the privilege of taking a "health officer" on-board at this place; and from the day of his coming on-board we were entitled to begin our period of quarantine, fourteen days, which, had we arrived at Trieste, we should have had to spend in the Lazaretto. The officer came on-board the same evening. We were fortunate in finding shelter at Gravosa, as, during the whole night, the wind blew fiercely from the north; so much so, that, even sheltered as we were by lofty hills on all sides, so agitated was the sea in the harbour, that we were obliged to throw out a second anchor to keep the vessel in her station. The day was spent in laying in a fresh stock of provisions of all sorts, as the captain now clearly foresaw that our voyage was likely to be prolonged beyond the ordinary period.

We had each a store of books which we exchanged with each other; and these, with walks on the deck, the time spent at meals, and by my friends at their pipes and cigars, our evening whist parties, and the closing glass of punch, enabled us to wear through these delays better than we could have expected. The still remaining additional consolation was also at hand, that our

quarantine was every hour diminishing, and that it was much more agreeable even to count it on board the packet at Gravosa, than in the lazaretto at Trieste.

The neighbourhood of the Dalmatian shore also enabled us to vary our mode of living a little: fresh grapes and apples, and even tripe soup, and beef steaks, appended or prefixed to a bottle of sherry or champagne, were not unwelcome to such a party as we happened to be—an extremely pleasant party too, I must add, to the pleasures of which the officers of the vessel added very considerably by their uniform civility, and their disposition to share in all our amusements.

We weighed anchor once more on the morning of the 6th of December; but though we advanced a little way with a slight south wind, we were not fifty miles from Ragusa at noon on the 7th, when the wind became due west. We tacked about the whole day, which was as warm and as brilliant as an English day in spring.

8th. Wind north-west. We were opposite the island of Cazza, about 120 miles from Ragusa; the day so warm that when we sat in the cabin, we were obliged to have the top lights open. The heat became so oppressive at night that we

remained to a late hour on deck looking at the effect of the moon, in her first quarter, shining on the waves. Those that came sparkling near us soon lost their light: but the more distant undulations seemed an unchanging path of chased and solid silver.

9th. Made only twenty miles during the night, having passed the large island of Lissa. About eight o'clock A.M. a breeze came to our assistance from the south-east, and enabled us to move on at the rate of six knots an hour. Dense clouds hung over the isle of Lesina behind us; and while we were examining them, with a view to conjecture how they might affect the weather, they discharged themselves of an enormous volume of water, by means of two successive water-spouts, each of which looked to us, who happily were at a distance, like a cable suspended from the sky, and waving in the wind. We distinctly saw the sea rise to meet the descending torrent, which came down from the clouds as if poured through a tunnel.

The Doctor turned pale when he witnessed this splendid phenomenon, remarking, that if it had overtaken the *Vigilante*, we should have been speedily overwhelmed in the sea. His remark would have been just if the crew were

devoid of the energy necessary to urge the vessel beyond the reach of the deluge; or if science and experience had not taught our officers that we might easily dissipate its force by a few discharges of cannon. We had eight large brass guns on-board, which might in a moment cause such a concussion in the atmosphere as to render the water-spout perfectly harmless. As it happened, however, we were rather more pleased to have had the opportunity of witnessing that rare and very striking operation from a more advantageous point of observation, if it were only for that effect which Campbell spoke of when he said that

"Distance lends enchantment to the view."

CHAPTER XIII.

The deacon—A lost shirt—Grossa island—The Quarnero—Pola-Istrian coast—Trieste—Venetian steamer—Venice—Russian artist—Il Fanatico—Rome—St. Peter's—High mass—Don Miguel—Congregation—Roman monarchy—Gregory XVI.—The Vatican hill—Gardens of Nero—The elevation—Christian triumph.

In one respect the Doctor was right. He assured us that the water-spout predicted stormy weather; for in a few hours after, the gale did come on, sure enough, and continued to blow the whole evening from the south-east. We had only a single sail out—the parroquete, as the Austrian seamen called it—the second largest sail of the vessel, which about six o'clock was shivered into mere shreds. At the moment it was thus shattered, the *Vigilante* was almost on her side; and, to my inexperience, it seemed

that if the sail had not thus yielded to the sudden burst of the tempest, she would have been blown over. The damage was speedily repaired, as all hands were on board, and at ten o'clock the storm was suddenly hushed, like a passionate child that has cried itself to sleep. The night was clear and tranquil.

It was agreed amongst the sailors that they had never made so long and so disagreeable a passage before from Corfu to Trieste, though they had been for some two or three years on that station. They, one and all, imputed this misfortune to the presence of the deacon, whom they looked upon as a harbinger of evil, and as such, treated him with very little ceremony on all occasions. Numberless were the quarrels which the captain had to compose between this man and the sailors; he talked to them in his voluble French, which they did not understand, and which for that reason the more provoked them. He allowed no rudeness to go unrepelled, and even became engaged more than once in regular combat for his bed, or his pillow, or his mug, or his shoes, or something or another of which they attempted to deprive him, in order to pick a quarrel with his reverence. The slightest encouragement on our part would

have been accepted by them as a sufficient warrant on theirs to throw him into the sea!

Whatever was the state of the weather, the deacon was sure to be employed, when not eating or sleeping, in one or two ways; either he was writing his journal, which I observed he persevered in with great industry, or he was washing his only shirt in sea-water, which he then hung on the cordage of the sails to dry. It so happened that the said shirt was blanching in the wind during the late gale; and that just at the moment the parroquete was torn into tatters, the shirt was seen like a witch riding on the element, filled in a balloon shape, and borne off to a watery grave. The sailors absolutely cheered it on its departure, and exclaimed, that as the deacon was thus blown overboard in effigy, we should have no more bad weather! The sudden lulling of the tempest satisfied them soon after that their prediction was verified, and they became more complaisant towards the original, who was, however, by no means reconciled to the loss he had sustained, and imputed it to their knavery.

December 10.—In the morning we found ourselves opposite the long and lofty island of Grossa, whose high cliffs sheltered us in a great

measure from a stiff breeze which blew from the north-east. The immediate neighbourhood of this island affords what the sailors call a port with the sail up: that is to say, the waters are too deep for anchorage, but a vessel may ride up and down, under the protection of its mountains, when the north and east winds blow too strongly. We had good reason to deem ourselves fortunate in having arrived within its protecting influence, as our mainsail was also opening in some of its seams; and the sea in the distance, towards the Italian coast, was one vast sheet of foam. We accordingly tacked up and down before the island the whole day.

December 11.—Still before Grossa; the wind blowing violently from the north; the air excessively cold; the mountains of our friendly island mantled in snow. We replaced our mainsail and parroquete.

December 12.—We attempted last night and this morning to venture out to sea, but found the experiment too dangerous to persevere in it. Accordingly we continued riding up and down as before in our island-harbour. A merchant brig joined us, which had been thirty-six days on her voyage from Alexandria, bound for Trieste.

December 13.—It was of the more importance that we should remain before Grossa while the wind was in the north-east, and blowing so violently, as we were then near the little Quarnero, as it is called—that is to say, the "devourer of men" on a small scale; the larger Quarnero being somewhat higher up the Adriatic. These are by no means agreeable sounds to a voyager. The *Adriatic* mariners have, however, not at all exaggerated the dangers of the two gulfs in bestowing upon them these appellations, as a year seldom passes without witnessing eight or ten wrecks of their ill-managed country boats in the larger Quarnero, and perhaps half the number in the smaller one.

Both these perilous parts of the Adriatic are gulfs, the first of which extends from the sea towards the Dalmatian coast, formed by a number of small islands, from around which a very heavy sea is accumulated in one body, and rolled with tremendous force by a north-eastern wind. We ventured from our island about ten o'clock last night, and though the ship rolled a good deal, we passed the mouth of this gulf in two hours after, and then proceeded quietly under the protection of the islands, which are thickly strewed along the Croatian coast, until

ten o'clock this morning, when we entered the mouth of the larger Quarnero, an extensive gulf formed by the north-western coast of Croatia, and the eastern coast of Istria.

The wind was blowing due north, almost a gale, so that we must have encountered the dangers of the scene in their worst form. The waves that rolled from the interior of the gulf were large, but regular, and much rounded, and really the most picturesque undulations I ever saw. Our vessel, steering direct for the promontory of Istria, in order to turn the Cape, leaned of course with a north wind on her side, the edge and part of her bulwarks being under water, and the parroquete itself occasionally kissing the waves. Two or three angry billows splashed the deck, but by noon we were round the point without any kind of difficulty. We then made our way rapidly along the Istrian coast, towards the Gulf of Trieste.

As we passed near Pola, we had a good opportunity of exploring with our glasses the remains—indeed I should have said the complete shell—of the ancient amphitheatre, which still records the extension of Roman luxury and taste to that region. It seemed to be in excellent preservation. The towns and vil-

lages spread along the coast are prettily situated. The wind being still in the north when we approached towards Rovigno, we were obliged to anchor in that harbour at four in the afternoon. The town is of considerable extent; its magnificent church forms a striking object from the sea, and it possesses also a monastery, apparently capable of containing three or four hundred monks. Behind the town the country rises gradually in green well-cultivated hills, and then farther away into lofty mountains, whose ridges were covered with snow. Just as we let go the anchor, the wind, which had blown so violently during four days, almost without intermission, was succeeded by a dead calm. The evening was beautiful, but cold—the moon nearly full.

December 14.—Proceeded at seven o'clock in the morning with a light wind along the coast of Istria, the scenery of which strongly resembles that of the Campagna of Rome—mountains still in the distance crowned with snow, and declining gradually in undulations towards the sea. The green declivities were here and there occupied by villages and hamlets, and dotted by separate cottages and villas. The picturesque effect of the scenery received not a little im-

provement from the circumstance of the snow on the mountain-tops being occasionally streaked by sandy ridges which had already absorbed it. The sun shone the whole day in an unclouded sky. At noon we beheld the Alps of Friuli and the Italian coast round the head of the gulf as far as Venice. We made way, however, very slowly, by tacking, and anchored for the night at Omago.

December 15.—Passed the point of Salvori—the morning splendid—vessels tacking about in the gulf of Trieste in all directions, of all qualities and sizes—the Alps topped with snow—the waves just agitated enough for a sea picture—Trieste distant about fifteen miles—the wind still northerly, and scarcely allowing us to make any advance towards our destination. At noon, finding it impossible to combat with our enemy, and the evil stars of the deacon, we anchored at Pirano.

December 16.—We were engaged nearly seven hours in tacking from Pirano to Trieste, a distance of twelve miles. At length, however, we reached the harbour at two o'clock in the afternoon; but although we were entitled to pratique at once, having exhausted the whole of our quarantine at sea, the officers, it seems,

had gone to dinner, and were not expected to return to business till to-morrow! So we were obliged to remain on-board. The port was crowded with shipping. An Austrian brig of war was preparing to sail for America, having on-board a number of *Polish exiles*. A steam-boat was also in the harbour, named the *Sophia*, one of those which ply between Trieste and Venice.

December 17.—We obtained pratique at eight o'clock in the morning, having been thus detained nearly three weeks on the voyage from Corfu to Trieste. Before we quitted the *Vigilante*, we had the mortification to see another of the Austrian packets come in from Corfu in three days, having had a south wind the whole way. But, on the other hand, the passengers by the latter vessel had still the whole of their quarantine to perform, and we did not at all envy them their station in the lazaretto.

Trieste exhibited every appearance of being a highly prosperous port. Signs of active and increasing commerce were visible in every part of the town. Many capital houses and extensive magazines have been recently erected there, and no doubt can be entertained that when steam-navigation shall become more familiar to the

shores of the Mediterranean, Trieste will rise to a rank equal to that which once belonged to Genoa. The Hotel Grande, at which we stopped, is as good as any thing of the kind to be met with in England. The shops and the markets were abundantly filled with every description of goods, and fruits and vegetables, and thronged with customers. The sale of bread seemed principally confined to one street, where country-women were sitting down by their baskets on each side; the said baskets, and the pavement all around them, being occupied by cakes and loaves of remarkably fine bread of their own baking. We gave the officers of the *Vigilante* as good a dinner as the Hotel Grande could furnish, in return for the uniform attentions which they showed us during our protracted voyage, and the same evening I proceeded on board the *Archduke Charles* steamer bound for Venice.

This vessel is very handsomely fitted up—indeed much more tastefully than any I had ever seen at home. The principal cabin is splendid, and the berths all round remarkably convenient. We had nearly fifty passengers on-board. We did not quit our moorings until near one o'clock. As soon as the first light

of morning came I was on deck, and found that the wind, having been right in our stern, a sail had been hoisted, and the spires and towers of Venice were already visible above the sea. As we advanced towards it rapidly, it would have been no poetical phraseology to describe Venice as a city rising from the waters, for that was literally the appearance which it presented. We entered the harbour at eight o'clock, having performed the voyage of seventy-two miles in seven hours.

The first views of Venice, however, from the sea, were not so imposing as I had expected; although I beheld it under the gradually increasing lights of the rising sun, yet as those lights were coming from behind me, and revealed only the more prominent edifices in front, leaving the more distant spires and buildings still hidden in the vapours of the night, the prospect wanted those characters of perspective and magnitude which had exhibited Constantinople to so much greater advantage. But when I entered the grand canal, and the sun disclosed the long lines of palaces and churches to view—above all, when we approached St. Mark's, and began to mingle with the gondolas, and to feel the singular effect which these

gloomy-looking caiques and numerous other boats produced, moving about in all directions through numberless canals, where they were soon lost to the eye, and never present to the ear, all the associations of past renown, of chivalry, power, crime, and the contrasts of visible bankruptcy and meanness with the gorgeous opulence and pride by which this queen of the seas, at no very remote period, was raised to pre-eminence, swept through the mind in rapid succession, soliciting for Venice those heartfelt impulses of indulgence and compassion, which render it almost impossible ever after to remember her desolate appearance without the deepest emotion.

I had had no sleep during the night, as our steamer, however beautiful in its decorations, was very creaky, and the paddles very noisy. But I forgot all these things, when, after breakfasting at Daniel's Hotel Royal, I posted off towards the Place of St. Mark, passed between the pillars of granite brought from Greece, beheld the Campanile, the Corinthian horses! —explored St. Mark's well-known church, and the ducal palace, its splendid libraries and picture-galleries; its chambers, once the scenes of the most despotic oligarchical power ever

known to mankind; its prisons and dungeons —its "bridge of sighs!"—traversed the porticos of the great square, and stood on the Rialto!

The next day was devoted to the principal churches, where preparations were already going on for the celebration of the great festival of the Nativity. Every thing has gone to decay at Venice except its churches, and these are unquestionably without rivals, even at Rome, St. Peter's and St. John Lateran only excepted, and perhaps one or two others. The paintings, the frescoes, the marble altars, and columns and pilasters, the mosaiqued floors, the statues, and monuments by which the numerous sacred edifices are distinguished at Venice, can only be sufficiently appreciated by the visitor who has ample time to meditate on all their excellence. To me, before whom they passed as in a panorama, they are but a dream —a dream indeed full of luminous recollections, to which I never look back for a moment without wishing myself at Venice again.

The weather was extremely cold; but as the moon was at its maturity, I nevertheless felt a singular gratification in rambling through the streets at night, observing the picturesque effects of the lights and shadows in which the

canals, and gondolas moving on them in silence, the towers of the churches, the palaces and squares, were exhibited. The finest shadow, I presume, to be seen in the world, is that of the Campanile, when thrown by the position of the moon quite to the extremity of the Place of St. Mark.

The Academy of Painting necessarily occupied the greater part of a day. I need hardly have noted my ascent of the Campanile, as the summit of the tower affords one of the finest prospects in existence, including the lagoons, the islands and seas round Venice, and the Tyrolese Alps. My three Venetian suns and moons vanished like a moment, and at midnight on the 20th (December) I found myself in Mestre on my way to Rome, where I hoped to arrive in time for the Christmas high mass at St. Peter's.

Padua, the Enganean hills, Albano, celebrated for its hot baths, the Adige, and the Po, Ferrara and Bologna, successively led me on to the Appenines. At Bologna I fortunately procured a seat in the courier's carriage, for the "eternal city." I met with a most interesting companion in a Russian by birth, who seemed altogether devoted to the art of painting,

in which he had already acquired some celebrity. He had a touch of "Il Fanatico" about him upon every subject connected with his profession, which was to me excessively amusing. He talked of the people of Italy with rapture. The fact was, he had been recently exhibiting at Bologna a picture of Herculaneum, which had procured for him the highest eulogies from all quarters, the Italians knowing scarcely any limits to praise when once they commence the offers of their incense. He was overflowing with delight, as it was his first grand work; he had, as he said to me with much *naïveté*, made a name; his was one of the great names of the day, that would soon be on every tongue!

His usual residence was at Rome, the only part of the world, he thought, in which a man of taste could live. The climate was to him inspiration, a sort of Paradise, in which his genius revelled incessantly. That of Naples was still more exciting—"Indeed, whenever I visit Naples," said he, "I become a fool, so ungovernable is the sense of happiness, the wild joy, the rush of noble thoughts that fill my soul!"

I could not keep up at all with this man's torrent of ideas; and then turning plaintively

upon me, he would lament the uninflammable materials of which all Englishmen, indeed, all northerns, were composed! They knew not what genius was; they were a very good sort of people, very rich and well-informed, and all that; but they were too *civilized*, too frigid; they were so many marble statues in a shop, compared with the artist who idolized his profession, and followed it under the skies and amidst the inexhaustible models of the Vatican, and the teeming associations with which the "genius of the place" was pregnant.

We travelled rapidly by the Pesaro road, and as there was as yet scarcely any snow or ice on the Appenines, they offered no obstruction to our speed. Early on the morning of the 25th, we arrived within view of the Sabine hills. St. Peter's soon after was within our horizon; and at half past seven A.M. our horses galloped through the Porto del Popolo. I was put down at the Hotel d'Allemagne, under the recommendation of my Russian friend, and at ten o'clock I was among the crowds of all tongues and nations, ascending the portico of the noblest temple ever dedicated to the worship of the true God.

I had never experienced in England any thing like the rigours of cold which I had felt hitherto

in Italy. At Rome they were intense. Nevertheless, when I entered St. Peter's, I felt as if I had been suddenly transferred to a genial climate, from which the surrounding atmosphere had been altogether excluded. I, of course, imputed this sudden change to the use of artificial means for heating that immense edifice, as the number of persons already assembled within its precincts, though really very considerable, seemed so diminutive as to be altogether incapable of producing by their presence any effect upon its temperature. But, to my surprise, I afterwards learned that there was no such thing as a flue or a pipe of any sort used for the production of artificial warmth in St. Peter's. The temperature of its interior, owing to the vastness of the space comprehended beneath its matchless dome and roof, never varies at any season of the year. Like the ocean, it is warm in winter, cold in summer, cool in the spring and the autumn; but these changes are felt only in relation to the external atmosphere; the atmosphere of the world within, itself partaking of the attributes of an element in nature, never knows any alteration.

The first thing that struck my eye with singular surprise when I found myself under the

dome of this great temple, was the apparent insignificance of the human figures congregating towards the high altar from all the entrances. We seemed a race of pigmies, of children, of insects, blackening the marbled floor, but scarcely rising in relief above it. This feeling was humiliating, but it gradually wore off as the ceremonies of the day commenced, and the occasion on which we were assembled raised the mind to other objects than those of personal interest.

The Pope was borne to the great altar in his chair of state, attended by a host of cardinals and bishops, and the representatives and many members of all the regular orders of the church. The variety, and elegance, and splendour of ecclesiastical costumes thus brought together, produced a most imposing effect. The gorgeous vestments of his Holiness in his jewelled tiara—the mitres and crosiers, and mantles of the bishops, the red robes of the cardinals, formed a remarkable contrast with the poor Carmelite's white garb of flannel, and his ruder sandal. The Swiss papal guards, in their antique dress, covered over on the breast and back by the steel cuirass, with a hat turned up on one side, and decorated by a ruby drooping plume on the

other, reminded one of the days of the crusades; while the newest fashions of Paris and London, crowding the tribunes in another quarter gave a different charm to the scene, substituting (when the eye turned downward from that airy dome) real beauty for the visions of tradition.

Amongst the remarkable personages who were present at this great festival, I observed Don Miguel, the ex-usurper of the throne of Portugal. He was in a tribune on the left hand of the Papal throne, and appeared to attract very general attention. He was dressed in blue uniform, decorated with some orders, obtained I know not how, or where, or when, as there has been scarcely any period in that prince's life when he merited, in my judgment, any such distinctions. He looked, however, extremely well—indeed, I should have added, even a remarkably handsome man, had his character not been tainted by his proceedings in the Peninsula. His *moral* physiognomy detracted not a little from his external appearance, and his devotion was somewhat too sanctified to be sincere.

The great aisle of the church was lined by soldiers on each side, who kept a space open in the middle: behind these ranks the sacred edifice

was densely filled by the lower orders of the people of Rome, and I must say that I never beheld so large a concourse of people conduct themselves with such perfect propriety. I wish I could bear a similar testimony to the demeanour of the better-dressed groups, who had the privilege of the tribunes which were arranged at each side of the high altar, as well as of the intervening spaces. The greater number of these groups consisted, I regret to say, of English families, who seemed to think that they came to "be seen" and to attract notice to themselves by their loud remarks and their intrusive manners, appearing to think that St. Peter's was a theatre, and the sacred solemnity an opera, at which they were to display their superior taste in music, and their progress in the French or Italian language. The thought that they were attending divine service seemed never to occupy them for an instant. I must add, at the same time, that other foreigners, and especially the French, rivalled the English in this most improper conduct.

The high altar, as every body knows, is immediately under the great dome. The Pope's throne was erected at the western extremity of the temple, and thence to the altar the distance

was considerable; but it scarcely appeared so, as benches extended on each side were occupied by the cardinals and bishops, and other ecclesiastics, who usually attend on such occasions. His Holiness commenced the mass at the steps of the altar, after which he returned to his throne and proceeded with the Introit, the Kyrie Eleison, and that beautiful expression of human joy and benevolence, "Gloria in excelsis DEO, et in terra pax hominibus bonæ voluntatis!" "Glory be to GOD on high, and on earth peace to men of good will!"

Never did the concluding words of that angelic address to the Deity seem to me to come more meetly from the lips of man, than they did at that moment from the successor of St. Peter. —"Quoniam tu solus sanctus—Tu solus Dominus—Tu solus altissimus!" "For Thou only art holy—Thou only art the Lord—Thou only art most high."

Here was a sovereign of a monarchy the most ancient now flourishing in Europe,—a monarchy seated at Rome—the mistress of the world in all that relates to intellectual pre-eminence—a kingdom which has already existed longer than the Roman empire—appealing for mercy to the Redeemer;—surrounded by many men of the

greatest acquirements, by the highest dignitaries of the church, whose unaffected humility and devotion outshone their gorgeous vestments—by large masses of the undoubted descendants of the ancient Roman people—by individuals from almost every nation under the sun—appealing to "the only Lord," the "Most High God," in his own name and in that of the great assemblage thus gathered together beneath a dome worthy of the Majesty of Heaven! It was, indeed, a spectacle which he who once had seen, never can think of without exulting that the Meek One who, when born, was received in a manger—whose very name was spat upon where that unearthly pile is raised, was the God now hailed by the representatives of all nations, as the "Solus sanctus Dominus, altissimus Jesus Christus!" Glory indeed be to that God on high!

In tones that touched the heart, Gregory—the sixteenth high pontiff of his name—forgetting the external splendours by which he was encompassed—poured forth these acknowledgments, these supplications—"Qui tollis peccata mundi, suscipe deprecationem nostram—Qui sedes ad dexteram Patris, miserere nobis!"—"Thou who taketh away the sins of the world,

receive our prayer—Thou who sittest on the right hand of the Father *have mercy on us!*"

Let it never be forgotten, that the Vatican hill was once the site of the gardens and circus of Nero—the spot on which that emperor, to borrow the remarkable words of Tacitus, "inflicted the most exquisite tortures on those men, who under the *vulgar* appellation of christians, were already branded with infamy." "They derived," adds the *philosophic* historian, "their name and origin from Christ, who in the reign of Tiberius, had suffered death, by the sentence of the procurator, Pontius Pilate. For awhile this dire superstition was checked; but it again burst forth, and not only spread itself over Judæa, the first seat of this mischievous sect, but was even introduced into Rome, the common asylum, which receives and protects whatever is *impure*, whatever is *atrocious*. The confessions of those who were seized discovered a great multitude of their accomplices, and they were all *convicted* for their *hatred of human kind*. They died in torments, and their torments were embittered by insult and derision. Some were nailed on crosses; others sewn up in the skins of wild beasts, and exposed to the fury of dogs; others again,

smeared over with combustible materials, were used as *torches* to illuminate the darkness of the night. The *gardens of Nero* were the scene of this spectacle, which was accompanied with a horse-race, and honoured with the presence of the emperor, who mingled with the populace in the dress and attitude of a charioteer!"

What were satin, brocade, cloth of gold, the splendid array of massive salvers and chalices, the jewelled mitre, and ducal hat, and triple crown in such a scene, and amidst such associations as these? No; I envied the supreme pontiff nothing, save the tear that glistened in his fine intelligent eye, when, remembering where he stood, he poured forth his gratitude—"Gratias agimus tibi propter magnam gloriam tuam."—"We give thee thanks for thy great glory!" The choir took up the anthem, unaided by the organ—"Laudamus te—benedicimus te—adoramus te"—the halleluiahs that resound for ever through the abodes of the Divinity! It was a shout of triumph, filling even that vast concave with its reverberations.

These passages of the service were followed by the epistle and the gospel, the credo, and the solemn preparations for the sacrifice. The host that was offered up was "unspotted;" it was

offered to the "living and true God," for the transgressions of all who were "present;" for "all christians of all generations;" "as a most sweet odour for the salvation of the whole world." The "sanctifier" was entreated to bless the "sacrifice" thus "provided for the glory of his name," and the angels and archangels, and all the elect were summoned round the altar, that by their presence and mediation the very atmosphere should be rendered holy, and the incense sacred, with which the shrine was perfumed. The pontiff washed his hands "among the innocent," bowed down his uncovered head, turning to the immense mulitude, called upon them to pray that the sacrifice might be "acceptable" to the "Father Almighty," to "lift up their hearts," and give thanks to the Lord God—the God of "Sabbaoth, of whose glory the "heavens and the earth were full." These appeals were answered by another burst of triumph from the choir—"Hosanna in excelsis!"

The stillness that followed during the moments while the high priest consecrated and raised the host for adoration, was awful. The choir was hushed—no sound throughout that vast prostrate multitude met the ear save the notes of the higher reeds of the organ, which, floating along the

fretted roof towards the dome above, tended only to unite in one cherub voice the secret orisons of the whole assembly.

When the high mass terminated, his holiness was borne in procession down the great aisle, preceded as before by the clergy, bishops, cardinals, and the officers of his household. He was crowned in the tiara. At each side of his elevated chair of state was raised a banner of snow-white plumes, which are said to be among the most ancient memorials of the sacred sovereignty. It was fitting that upon the spot where the blood of christians had flowed, the banners of their victory should be unfurled on such a day as this; but it was still more beautiful to observe that he who was thus exalted above the heads of the people, had no need of a slave to warn him that he was himself no more than mortal; he dispensed no blessings without striking his breast silently, preferring to all these outward circumstances of human pageantry, the self-denial and humility that should ever characterize the minister of the gospel.

CHAPTER XIV.

Papal revenues—Public opinion—Discontents—Cold of Rome—St. John Lateran—St. Peter's—St. Peter's chair—Windows—Cardinal Weld—English diplomacy—Neapolitan constitution—Austrian ascendancy—British minister at Rome—The Sistine chapel—Spanish monk—Vespers—The Roman hills.

It is agreed, I believe, on all hands, that Gregory XVI. is as much distinguished for his cheerful temper, his amiable dispositions, his simplicity in his mode of living, as for his great learning and unaffected piety. He is, moreover, a munificent patron of the arts, as far as the limited means at his command enable him to be; anxiously attentive to the interests of his subjects; alive to every practicable enterprize that can be rendered conducive to their prosperity, and merciful, perhaps to an extreme, as a

Christian prelate ought to be, in the administration of justice. Indeed, when I considered the very scanty revenues of the Roman sovereignty, and looked around at the magnificent churches, the unrivalled collections of works of art, the edifices in which these are preserved, and the noble institutions with which modern Rome abounds in all quarters, I felt bound to admit, that throughout my journey I had observed no other country in which the public money had been laid out so much to the public advantage.

No tax has been levied on the community that is not still represented by some memorial of the uses to which it has been applied—a temple —a new gallery in the Vatican—an ancient arch saved from destruction—statues of the most perfect workmanship disinterred from oblivion—an aqueduct repaired—a Colosseum almost restored—marshes drained and cultivated—roads infinitely superior to the Flavian or Appian Ways constructed or renewed. So carefully have the remains of Imperial Rome been guarded by the same hands which have raised the finest Christian edifices in the world, that the stranger who goes to Rome for the first time is doubtful which he must the more admire—the Rome of the Cæsars, or the Rome of the Pontiffs. Of this I

am perfectly convinced, that if the mistress of the ancient world had fallen into the hands of the common order of sovereigns, who had luxurious courts to pamper, and costly wars to sustain, and large families to establish, neither the Vatican, nor St. Peter's, would have ever existed, Michael Angelo would have lived in vain, and the Raphaels and the Titians would have died like those "mute inglorious Miltons," upon whose names the lights of immortality had never shone. Rome would have been at this day as fatal to health, as unsightly in its ruinous streets as Stamboul—probably as desolate as Athens or Palmyra. The Popes can give a good account, both individually and collectively, of their stewardship—"*Si monumenta quæris, circumspice.*"

Sooner or later, however, difficulties will arise with respect to the civil administration of the Roman states, of which I am not at all insensible. A tide of enlightened, steady, public opinion is undoubtedly arising throughout the whole of Italy, which is unfriendly—and, I must add, justly so—to a system of government, which is carried on chiefly through the agency of ecclesiastical persons. The substitution of spiritual legations for temporal delegations of authority, of a theocracy for that which ought to be a

purely secular combination of functions, cannot long survive the day at which we are now arrived. The papal power is not, and ought not to be, strong enough to contend against the revolution which is approaching in this respect. Even as matters now stand, the Holy Father requires the constant assistance of Austria in order to maintain his ascendancy. And as France will not permit Austrian interference alone, the former seems resolved to garrison Ancona as long as the latter chooses to retain possession of Bologna. This state of things cannot be permanent.

It is very well understood, that the discontented of the Roman states do not desire to withdraw themselves from the temporal dominion of the Pope. If they did, they well know that they must immediately fall under the yoke either of France or Austria, for the idea of an Italian republic in the present state of Europe is the vision of a school-boy. What they really seek for, what it is most their interest to solicit in a peaceable manner, and to secure in a lasting form, is a constitutional system of government, carried on by lay functionaries, and presided over by the Pope, as prince of the Roman states, and not as bishop of the see of

Rome. It is necessary for all parties that this question should be speedily settled, the more especially as the apparent tranquillity of Lombardy is but the repose of the volcano. The ingredients are gathering within the womb of time which must soon be ignited, and find relief in explosion, at a moment, perhaps, when such an event may be the least expected. Prince Metternich must be conscious that his imperial master holds northern Italy by a species of tenure which a war in any part of Europe might efface in a moment. History exhibits few instances of domination more unnatural than that of the Austrians in Italy; they hold it by no moral tie whatever; they retain it simply by the pressure of physical force, which must at no distant hour give way before the greater force of mind, already rendering itself manifest in that quarter.

The cold of Rome during the fortnight I spent there was remarkably severe. During two or three of the hours after mid-day, wherever the influence of the sun was felt, it was as warm as our spring; but the rest of the day and night was a Siberian winter, rendered the less tolerable, inasmuch as the good folks who built most of the houses of the capital seem to have

formed their plans universally in the summer, and to have totally forgotten that such a season as winter ever entered into the composition of a Roman year. In very few chambers is a fire-place to be met with; and where there is one, it happens to be so large that it admits currents of air sufficient to freeze the very soul.

Nevertheless, my time passed away with amazing rapidity. After spending a day or two in roving over the Pincian and Quirinal hills, along the banks of the still "yellow" Tiber, and in the haunts of the great men of other days, I made the round of the churches, of which St. John Lateran and Santa Maria Maggiore, are, I believe, after St. Peter's, the most splendid. The embellishments of the former are indeed upon a most magnificent scale: its ancient ecclesiastical curiosities are preserved with great care, especially the table on which the "last supper" is said to have been celebrated. In the Corsini chapel, which is a very elegant structure, besides the monuments of the family, there is a most superb sarcophagus of porphyri, supposed to have been that of Agrippa, which was found in the Pantheon. Near St John Lateran there are several objects well worth examination. Returning from that quar-

ter, I visited the triumphal arch of Constantine, and the Colosseum, and the Forum of Trajan—and thus exhausted a day noted in my calendar as one of the most delightful I have ever known.

I usually devoted my mornings either to the Colosseum or St. Peter's, and remarked that I was enabled to appreciate the former the first moment I entered it; but that every time I passed the porch of the latter, it seemed to disclose new features of grandeur which I had not observed before. When I first entered that spacious area I was much dissatisfied, not with the edifice, but with myself. I saw plainly before me all the combinations of transcendant genius and skill and taste, which could possibly be brought together for the execution of the most perfect monument of art ever exhibited to human contemplation. But I had come almost fresh from the Parthenon, the beauty of which, like that of an antique medal, or of a sun-bright female countenance, I comprehended the instant I beheld it; whereas, when I found myself within St. Peter's, all was so vast, and yet so harmonious, that my mind could fix no focus for itself within which the flood of light around me could be concentrated for the formation of a picture.

But I discovered that this defect became less sensible, when by frequent observation I made myself more conversant with the details of this majestic structure; that I attained in particular positions points of sight at which the individual features came out in all their designed effect, and that thus, step by step, I mounted the airy scale leading to the dome, upon which, like that of the traveller from Beersheba, the wrapt imagination might behold "the angels of God ascending and descending." The perfect order inwhich every thing is kept throughout the temple, the delicate cleanliness of the altars and their ornaments, the beauty of the paintings, the colossal grandeur of the statues, the silence and decorum observed by those who attend the every-day services, are all parts of one great whole. All thoughts are hushed within that heavenly sanctuary, save those which belong to religion —to eternity!

The monument of Paul III. is perhaps the only object which a severe taste would wish to see removed from St. Peter's. In any secular edifice it would be less liable to criticism. It is distinguished by those two celebrated statues to which I have already alluded, of Justice, represented as a girl of enchanting beauty, and of

Prudence, personated by an old woman of the most repulsive ugliness. Such was the fascination excited in minds not accustomed to the contemplation of beauty as the perfection of ideal models, by the marvellous contrast between the two figures, that it was found absolutely necessary to conceal the form of Justice in a vest of bronze. In consequence of this alteration, the completeness of the contrast is injured, and the monument has now assumed a tendency towards caricature, or conceit, not fitting to be seen in such a place. But under any circumstances, a work that exhibits Prudence in the shape of deformity—one of the first of virtues under the least engaging aspect—seemed to me, I must confess, rather out of place in a christian cathedral.

Neither could I prevail upon myself to admire the figure of St. Peter seated in the chair which is said to have belonged originally to the Apostle himself. The scepticism of Lady Morgan on this point called forth a very ingenious *brochure* from the pen of my friend Dr. Wiseman, the president of the English college at Rome, which certainly does present very plausible grounds for the belief of those persons who are anxious to cling to the traditions res-

pecting that relic of the olden times. Even if my friend, whose learning may be said to be truly catholic, for it is universal, were right in all his conclusions, they would not prevent me from wishing to see that monument transferred as a curiosity to the Vatican, rather than presented amidst so many *altars* to the veneration of the people.

I hardly know what to set down as the result of my first feeling of disappointment in not having found any painted windows, or, indeed, any thing that could be deemed a window at all in St. Peter's. I am aware that these are essentially Gothic ornaments, and that, therefore, I ought not to have expected to find them in an edifice from the plan of which the Gothic order has been entirely excluded. It must, I think, be admitted that the unchequered plainness of the glass, and the diminutive size of the windows, must be altogether overlooked by those who would wish to keep in their recollection impressions worthy of the sublime temple itself. This circumstance demonstrates that an imperfection lurks in that part of the design which still requires revision.

The streets of Rome wore an ascetic appearance, notwithstanding the gay crowds which

are to be seen every afternoon in the Corso. This, perhaps, is, in some measure to be attributed to the great number of ecclesiastics, who may be seen passing and repassing everywhere at all hours of the day. But in addition to the effect arising from the presence of so many clerical habits, there is a severity of feature about Rome itself which is very striking. I did not at all object to it, rather the reverse; it looks the more Roman on that account; and I even thought, though perhaps it may be deemed a fancy, that the same austere Tacitus or Sallust style of expression appertained to the Sabine and other hills in the neighbourhood of the "eternal city."

The real minister of England at the court of Rome is Cardinal Weld, so far as all the departments of a British legation are concerned, which are in any way connected with the convenience and protection of our sojourners in that capital. We have, indeed, a Consul-general at that station—a very respectable and obliging person, who is uniformly prepared to shew every attention in his power to his countrymen. But it is obvious that a gentleman, to whom fees are to be paid for his services, and whose business, as a banker and general merchant, necessarily

occupies much of his time, is not exactly the kind of officer to whom an English traveller should be obliged to apply, if he required aid against any act of the Roman authorities, or wished to be presented to the sovereign.

One of the gentlemen attached to the British legation at Florence, usually resides at Rome, and conducts the correspondence which semi-officially passes between the Papal court and the government of Great Britain. Occasions are constantly arising for such correspondence For instance, when the French Government determined on occupying Ancona, in order to prevent Austria from interfering exclusively with the view of suppressing the insurrectionary spirit, that had broken out at Bologna and elsewhere, it became unavoidable that our government also should take its part in the discussions that arose out of those transactions. Our advice was earnestly solicited on the occasion by the Holy Father, and unless we chose to abdicate the influence which we have derived from our station in the world, we could not have avoided returning a decorous reply to his application. Accordingly our ministers did give his Holiness at that period, the best advice which the circumstances of the times seemed to them to de-

mand. It was in substance, that the complaints of the insurgents ought to be listened to, and their real grievances redressed. The discontent was manifestly produced by the system of local government, which prevailed throughout the States, administered entirely by ecclesiastics and upon ecclesiastical principles; whereas the taxes were chiefly paid by the lay portion of the community, who had no control over the appropriation of the funds so constituted. It was not to be doubted that this system was wrong in principle: that laymen ought to be admitted to the temporal offices of the government, and the clergy restrained within the sphere of functions strictly spiritual. Now the British Government had no accredited officer at Rome, through whose hands this advice could be conveyed. It was transmitted in a latent sort of channel, as if we were ashamed or afraid of having any thing to do with the Court of Rome!

Again, the concession of a constitution by the king of the Sicilies to his people was not long since openly spoken of at the Court of Naples, as an affair already arranged. The young king, soon after his accession to the throne, was really anxious to establish free insti-

tutions, to form a United Parliament for the two Sovereignties, to introduce extensive reforms into the whole system of his jurisprudence, and to construct a cabinet composed of enlightened men of the day, to the utter exclusion of those antiquated courtiers, who have witnessed the revolutions of the last half-century, without changing a single idea in their minds, and without comprehending the possibility of improvement without destruction.

These resolutions on the part of the king alarmed the court of Vienna; for if a parliament were sitting at Naples, the people in Northern Italy would soon demand a similar constitution. Troops were actually prepared to march to Naples, with the view of preventing the establishment of a liberal form of government in that country; and for this purpose it became necessary to negociate with the Roman court for the passage of the Austrian cohorts through the states. A single word from England, addressed to the Pope, would have disconcerted that project against the liberties of the Neapolitan and Sicilian people; but we had no representative at Rome through whom that word could be officially spoken!

Unfortunately, the menace produced the de-

sired result. Prince Leopold, the king's uncle, a most subservient Austrian in politics, and the Austrian minister at Naples, again recovered their usual ascendancy: the king had nothing to do but to turn devotee, and submit himself to the control of three priests: Capriolo, who was the secretary of the council; Cocle, his own confessor; and Scotti, the preceptor of his brother the prince Luigi. Thus Austria rules the whole of Italy, and this, in a very great measure, because we have no resident minister at Rome!

The attaché of the British legation at Florence, who lives in Rome, holds no character at the latter court. He is not accredited to it in any way. He cannot present an Englishman to the Pope. He cannot do a single public act. Whatever business he performs of a diplomatic nature, is done "under the rose;" "winked at" by both the governments, as if they were both conscious of being engaged in some criminal proceedings in the character of accomplices, apprehensive every moment of discovery, capture, public exposure, and ignominious punishment! While this absurd and injurious system prevails, every Englishman who goes to Rome must feel that he is personally degraded by it; for unless he

happen to have the good fortune of knowing Cardinal Weld, or can venture to solicit a favour from an English gentleman, invested with a foreign dignity, to whom he is an entire stranger, he has no advantageous mode of obtaining a presentation at court.

I need not observe that his Eminence is always accessible to his countrymen, and seems never so happy as when he can oblige them in any way. But this is not the footing upon which the relations between the two countries should be permitted to remain. Cardinal Weld is, I believe, the only Englishman who has been admitted into the sacred college since the "Reformation," with the exception of one of the members of the Stuart family. A similar event may not again occur for a century. Are our affairs, then, to be confided to a merchant who has no station in the diplomatic circle, and to a fugitive attaché from Florence, who is almost afraid to be seen at the Vatican?

I may speak the more freely on this subject, as having long enjoyed the pleasure of being known to the Cardinal and to Lord Clifford, his near relative and my esteemed friend, who usually resides with his Eminence at the Odeschalchi palace, I enjoyed every facility of presentation at court, and of obtaining admission to

all the circles and institutions which I felt any desire to visit. But I saw at Rome numbers of my countrymen who were placed in a very different position; a position, too, of which they loudly and justly complained, as a very mortifying one, feeling that all other foreigners had accredited ministers to look up to, and that the want of similar protection seriously affected their means of procuring introduction to the higher ranks of society.

On the first day of the new year, I attended high mass at the Sistine Chapel, which was celebrated by Cardinal Franzini, prefect of the Propaganda. The Pope was present, attended by twenty-five cardinals, and about twenty bishops. Among the former, I noticed with peculiar interest, Cardinal Fesch, in whose countenance I perceived a striking resemblance to the best portraits I had seen of Napoleon. The mass was sung by the Pope's choir in the most admirable style. There was a remarkably slender, delicate, and sweetly-modulated voice in the choir on that occasion, which I supposed to be the voice of a boy or of a eunuch. But to my surprise, I learned afterwards from Cardinald Weld, that it belonged to the father of a large family, a rubicund, Boniface-looking sort of a chorister, who, by some peculiar good for-

tune has never lost the tones of his youth. The chapel was crowded. I happened to sit in the tribune near the altar by the side of a monk whom I had known in Spain, and who, before the service began, entertained me with an account of the prospects of Don Carlos in one part of the Peninsula, and of Don Miguel in the other. He was perfectly convinced that both the princes were *saints*, and that *therefore* they would recover their thrones to a certainty. Don Miguel, by having recalled the act of abdication, which he signed in Portugal, had forfeited his title to the handsome income which had been secured to him under the provisions of the quadruple treaty; he was in consequence living at that moment upon the bounty either of the Pope, or of some of the powers who subscribed to the Roman treasury a sum of £300 per month, for his subsistence. As this revenue was a very precarious one, and did not allow the prince the means of fitting out a very splendid armament, I suggested to my friend that his prophecy on that point at least had no great chance of being realised. As to Don Carlos, matters looked more doubtful; but I thought that the one prince had about the same chance of a throne as the other. However, my monk

had made up his mind on the subject, and kings they assuredly would be!

Vespers were celebrated on the same day in the church of the Jesuits, with a degree of splendour which I never saw equalled. The altar and the whole sanctuary were illuminated to the very roof; the choir was assisted by the best organ in Rome; and the edifice, capacious as it is, was crowded in all directions. A sermon was preached by a member of the order, whose spare figure seemed wasted by intense study. His countenance was pale from habitual intellectual occupation; but when he gradually grew warm with his subject, which he treated in a masterly style of sacred eloquence, a light flashed from his eye that seemed to electrify his audience. He kept their attention suspended on his lips for a full hour, during which a breath was scarcely heard through the dense assemblage. Then came the benediction, with its accompanying prayer—the "O salutaris hostia," and that fine old anthem—the "Tantum ergo," which, when sung in the Gregorian note, I never hear without emotion.

Whoever wishes to obtain a good bird's-eye view of Rome and its vicinity, should ascend the tower of the capitol. Thence, as from al-

most a central point, he may behold the distant hills of Albano, Frescati, Preneste, Terracina, Tivoli, the Sabines, Soracte, Mario, and Janiculum; the seven eminences upon which Rome was antiently constructed, the Quirinal, Viminal, Esquiline, Celian, Palatine, Aventine, and Capitoline hills, and all the monuments now remaining of the pride of antiquity, as well as the splendid new edifices which rival or even excel them in costliness and grandeur.

CHAPTER XV.

Naples—A pious piper—The chestnut man—The segretario—The money changer—The small commission—The fish broiler—The porters—Maccaroni—The Toledo—Lotteries The Sicilians—Neapolitan reforms—Resistance—The Museum—Return home—Expenses of my journey.

I REGRETTED being obliged to leave Rome on the feast of the Epiphany (6th of January), as on that day masses were celebrated in the church of the Propaganda, by clergymen from every quarter of the globe—the most extraordinary as well as the most interesting exhibition which one could wish to witness. But there is no regular diligence—strange to say—between Rome and Naples; the only expeditious mode of travelling that route for those who have not their own vehicle, is by Angrisani's post car-

riage, which goes as often as he can find passengers enough to fill it. It was engaged by three of my countrymen for this day, and I deemed myself fortunate in being able to secure the fourth place. The following evening I was established at the Albergo delle Crocelle, which I found a very comfortable hotel, though rather remote from the principal point of attraction in Naples—the Museum.

The great street of the Toledo presented to me the next day the most diversified and amusing scene I ever witnessed. Every body had a costume peculiar to itself, as if attending a carnival or a fancy ball. The sun, blazing in a cloudless sky, flung bright lights here and there, while the lofty houses cast their shadows in other quarters, as if to prepare a suitable stage for this national exhibition of character and occupation. A merry fellow, with a dozen tambourines ingeniously arranged and perched on his head, while he played on another he held in his hand, dressed in a cloth cap, a round jacket, a silk handkerchief neatly tied round his open shirt collar, a blue waistcoat, and red striped trowsers, invited the world to buy a charming beguiler of tears for the bambino at home. Next a green-grocery-man caught the

eye: his donkey is laden with a mat sack, nicely balanced on both sides, having a large mouth, where cabbages, cauliflowers, salads, and celery, are heaped in verdant abundance. A sugar-loafed hat, flatted however at the top, is on his head over a worsted cap; his swarthy face and bare neck defy the sun; a pipe in his mouth, and a red waistcoat, a small pouch in front for his money, and short calico breeches, complete his apparel. No stockings hath he, nor shoe, nor sandal. He and his donkey seem to be real brothers.

A pious piper, who lives on charity, begins the labours of the day before some shrine of the Virgin, where a lamp is perpetually burning. His instrument, composed of three tubes, with trumpet extremities, derive their melody from a bag of wind which he fills from the proper wind of his own lungs. His pointed hat is clapped on the top of his bag while he is playing his propitiating prayer for success. His night-cap is displayed on his innocent cerebellum, his curly long hair flowing beneath it, and shewing off his ruddy distended cheek. His green coat, sleeveless mantle of goat-skin, and ash-coloured breeches, a piece of linen wrapped round his legs for stockings, and kept there by leathern thongs,

which also secure his sandals, shew that he has not been blowing to the shrine in vain. In fact, he looks a very respectable tradesman in his way. No man need be ashamed to beg after such a fashion as that.

Vendors of roast smoking chestnuts are a numerous tribe in the Toledo. They have prescriptive stations, where they fix their stalls, within which a small charcoal fire is always burning, aad communicates its heat to a basket filled with the fruit, placed on the top, and covered with a blanket to keep the nuts quite hot. Whether men or women, these people seem to be a thrifty set, and well dressed. The man has a gay red worsted cap, a silk handkerchief tied tightly round his neck, a fine yellow waistcoat, a green round jacket, blue inexpressibles, clean white stockings, neat shoes, a stool to stand upon, and a stool to sit upon, as business or relaxation may require. He cries out his wares at the very pitch of his voice, holding his left hand to his cheek to render it louder.

But have you seen the melon-man? There is a picture of independence. A ragged suit of loose short trowsers, a tolerably good waistcoat, yellow or sky-blue, as the case may happen to be, and

some fragments of a shirt, are all he requires in the way of wardrobe. A long board is balanced on his head, displaying the blushing fruit nicely sliced, and on the palm of his left hand, equally well poised, a shorter board exhibiting another sample of his merchandize, whilst in his right hand he gracefully waves a sprig of myrtle.

Who is he with that snug capote and hood, and some pretty little baskets piled one on another under his arm, running along bare-legged? A fisherman, who sells the most delicate fresh herrings in the world, just taken out of the neighbouring bay! The bottle-vender, whom he has almost knocked down in his haste, is a still greater curiosity. Long wooden pins are stuck all round in the edge of his basket, on which pins very thin flasks for oil or wine, with long necks, are fixed. He looks to be one of the high priests of Bacchus, with his merry face—always sure of a market, for the flasks are so speedily broken that he can scarcely supply all his customers.

The segretario is a perfect picture. Seated at his table in a quiet entry, in a retired corner of a street, with a wise-looking old hat shading his grey locks, spectacles perched on his nose, paper, and well-mended pens, and ink-bottle,

sand and wafers arranged in due order before him, he waits to indite a petition, or a love-letter, or a letter from a sailor to his mother, or from a creditor to a debtor, or to translate from Italian into French, or from French into Italian, or a law paper, or a memorandum of accounts, —he is prompt at all things, methodical, confidential, a clear-headed clean writer—a very valuable sort of person in his way, who always attracted my particular respect on account of the unwearied patience with which he waited for his customers, who were too "few and far between."

The pride of the Toledo are assuredly the money-changers—at least in their own opinion. They are almost universally females, and it is a part of their trade to display their riches in the ornaments on their persons. The hair, carefully braided, is tied under a dashing silk handkerchief, knotted in front in a somewhat coquettish style. The broad forehead, and sharp well-practised eye, and intelligent face, pretty well shew that if her ladyship make any mistake in the reckoning, it will not be on the wrong side. There she sits on a chair before her strong box, on the top of which little baskets overfilled with silver or copper coins, are

arranged. A pair of massive gold—*real* gold rings and large pendants dangle from her ears. Her open neck displays a coral or pearl necklace, and an embroidered kerchief. A velvet or gros de Naples spencer, a chintz gown, a handsome silk apron, fingers covered all over with rings set with precious stones—sometimes even with diamonds—attract customers on all sides. The itinerant trader who disposes of all his stock early, and is laden with copper pence, realizes his gains in silver at her table, on which she receives her small commission. The housekeeper, who is passing by, and wants to buy some trifling things, gets change in copper for silver, on which the small commission is freely paid. The neighbouring shops that want accommodation in either way, copper for silver, silver for copper, copper and silver for gold, or gold for silver in any quantity, are sure of finding all they want at the money-changer's stall. A most smiling, happy, unspeculative tribe of bankers are they. If you look at one of them, she will expect you to pay her a small commission—which small commission in time accumulates to a very handsome fortune, to go down, always augmenting, from generation to generation. An umbrella fixed on her counter

forms a canopy over her head, to protect her highness from the sun.

Not quite so opulent, but much more captivating, are these female venders of fried fish—magnificent-looking women fresh from the sea-side, whence they have come in the early morning. You may know them by their yellow-plaided neck-kerchiefs, their gipsey-looking faces, their snow-white linen sleeves tucked up to the bend of the beautiful arm, their red-striped aprons and blue gowns. Of these syrens let the fish-hater beware. With her earthen pan, in which a charcoal fire is kept alive by a fan of rushes, her soles or herrings smoking and browning on the said fire, the basket of dried flags covered with fresh green flags by her side filled with "live" fish, cooling in beds of fresh rushes—her bonny figure seated on a stool, and her well-dressed dangerous feet peeping out beneath her long petticoat, St. Antony himself could scarcely refuse to take a fry or two from those clean taper fingers. She holds the fish on a skewer, and turns the little martyr round and round, until he is done to a turn, the mouth watering while the fragrant odour breathes around!

The egg-woman is a more quiet kind of

body, though she too seems to be sitting for her picture, dressed in her tidy green apron, her russet gown and linen sleeves, her ruby kerchief negligently flung over her head, and flowing over her shoulders behind. Next comes shouting his "oil to sell," a great farmer's-boy-looking sort of a fellow, in a gay straw hat. A goat-skin sack of oil is tied round his left shoulder, through the tail of which he admits the smooth liquid to descend into brass pint or half-pint, or smaller measure, for the customers whom he has the happiness to serve.

The porters are now the only remaining representatives of the Lazzaroni to be seen at Naples. They form a kingdom within themselves, of which every individual is monarch "of all he surveys." One of these putting down his oblong square flag basket on its end, dressed in his shirt open half way down his sun-burnt hairy breast, where also the scapular—his amulet—makes its appearance, and further decked out in his loose cotton trowsers that scarcely descend below the knee, bound tight at the waist by a red cotton handkerchief, his blue jacket suspended on the very end of his shoulder, his face and huge whiskers crowned by a red cap, his long pipe in his mouth supported by

his left hand, his right holding his well-worn cords resting on the other end of his perpendicular basket, while his brawny naked legs and feet betray his occupation, stands looking at the passing scene with an air of ineffable contempt. When he is done smoking, and imagines that he has sufficiently vindicated his dignity by attitudinizing, he will place his basket flat on the ground, and go to sleep in it until a job comes to summon him from his slumbers.

At every corner of every street there is a stall for maccaroni, where it may be seen served out from morning to night in all sorts of ways—hot or cold, in its own plain soup, or in savoury soup, or mingled with a little stew, or simply boiled, or baked, or in cakes, or in elongated ropes of about a mile in length. When graced by the savoury soup, it seems to be most popular. It is handed out smoking hot to the ragged customer, in an earthen dish; he, without any ceremony, takes up the maccaroni in his hand, and introducing the extremities of three or four ropes at once into his thorax, lifts his hands high in air, and the whole dishful vanishes in a thrice. The soup is drank at discretion, either with a wooden spoon, or *ex abrupto* out

of the dish itself; the latter more expeditious mode of proceeding being usually preferred.

The water-vender is met with every where, and at all hours of the day. The ice-man is more stationary, though equally persevering. Here the female restorer of old chairs is busy with her rushes. There the smirking milliner's maid is tripping it on the fantastic toe with a band box in her hand—she is wholly French—and out of keeping, in her trim cap and ribbons, with such a scene. Every body lives in the street. The baker's shop is thrown so much open, that all the mysteries of his art are conducted in public. It is the same with the tin-man, whose hammer never ceases to hammer; the blacksmith, whose bellows are perpetually blowing, whose fire, in the hottest day, still burns on as fierce as ever, and whose anvil never gets a moment's rest all the day long. All the gay shops are in the Toledo. All the pretty women of Naples show off in the Toledo. There the idler constantly lounges—there the merchants meet on business—there the military men are riding or walking up and down in their splendid uniforms.

The number of lottery-shops in the Toledo, and, indeed, in every street of Naples, is sur-

prizing. There is a new lottery every fortnight, if not every week; and the bureaus are so much frequented the whole of the day, that a stranger would suppose the principal occupation of Neapolitan life is speculation in lottery-tickets, or rather lottery numbers, for the chances are created in this way: The buyer chooses two, or three, or more numbers, according to the extent of his gambling disposition, say 32, 87, 92, or any other series he likes best within the range of 200 or 300, comprised in the adventure. Upon each of the numbers which he selects he bets as much as he pleases, within a limited sum, which he pays down. If any of his numbers be drawn a prize, he receives three or four times the amount of his wager.

If I ever entertained any doubts as to the bad effect of lotteries, especially on the less affluent orders of society, who seemed to be the principal customers of the offices at Naples, the crowds of disappointed mothers and fathers of wretched families, whom I have seen returning from these *royal* establishments on the days when the prize-numbers were proclaimed, would have dissipated all such doubts in a moment. These lottery schemes, I regret to add, seem to yield a constantly increasing revenue to the crown; it is

understood that the king has already, since his accession, realized in this way upwards of a million and a-half of money, which, instead of being applied to the public service, though it stands much in need of assistance, he has deposited as his own private property in the funds of France and England, in order to secure a safe retreat for himself in the event of a revolution, of which he is extremely apprehensive.

Nevertheless I learned from well-informed quarters, that the Neapolitan people, generally speaking, are not yet prepared for any violent changes. They would be content, it is imagined, if the council of ministers were so composed as to represent, in some degree, the new ideas and wishes of the age, instead of prejudices now a century old. Having been obliged to pay dearly to Austria, in the shape of indemnities for the expenses of the revolution of 1821, they are not disposed, it is thought soon, to try a similar experiment.

It is, however, very certain, that in Sicily serious discontent prevails, and is very likely to explode in insurrection, unless the grievances of the country be redressed, and that, too, with no niggard hand. The Sicilians are still obliged to pay an amount of taxation fixed in proportion to the price of corn in 1815-16, while the war

prices still existed. Nothing can be more unjustifiable than the continuance of such a standard as that, inasmuch as, at the present day, they do not receive for their wheat above one-third of the price which they then obtained. The irritation arising out of this system of impost is not a little aggravated by the traditionary odium, which has always alienated the Sicilians from the Neapolitans.

The king, who by the way is said to have no hope of a family, has moreover gained the reputation of being extremely avaricious. He is governed by his uncle, Leopold, who is the viceroy of the Austrian ambassador, and neither of these persons seems inclined to listen, for a moment, to any proposition of a reforming tendency. A government consisting of a few men of talent and moderation, acquainted with the spirit of the times, might render great services to the two kingdoms. Without touching fundamental institutions, they have abundance of margin in these institutions, even as they now exist, for the introduction of great and beneficial gradual improvements. The realm of Naples has its Provincial Councils, which exercise some degree of controul over the taxation of the country, at least so far as every species

of local expenditure is concerned. The remonstrances of these Councils go direct to the king, without passing through the hands of any minister, and are almost uniformly attended to. The Code Napoleon prevails, and the influence of that body of civil law is every where inclining towards democracy, on account of the perpetual division and sub-division of property which it enjoins. The king, however, checks that tendency as much as he can, by assuming to himself a dispensing power, by which he renders the law inoperative in particular cases. This usurpation meets with no resistance from the judicial authorities; the number of judges and administrators of the law, in various capacities, is enormous; they are all badly paid, and of course submissive to the court, as well as venal to the people. In the Neapolitan kingdom also, landed property is excessively taxed. The palaces are vigilantly secured at all points by Swiss guards; and a whole park of artillery is so arranged that it may be brought to bear in a moment on any large masses of the people that could by possibility be collected. All these things, taken in connection with what has lately happened in Portugal and Spain, sufficiently indicate an approaching crisis at Naples, for which

I suppose, with the usual blindness of a court taken up more with its own heart-burnings and intrigues, than with the interests of the country, the authorities will wait, when a sudden uncalculating and sanguinary commotion shall probably rouse the whole kingdom from its lethargy.

The Museum alone, with its matchless and almost countless statues taken from the ruins of Herculaneum and Pompeii, and collected from other sources; its halls replete with the ornaments and utensils of ancient times gathered from those splendid cities embalmed through long ages by the lava and the ashes of Vesuvius, as if purposely set apart for the information of our age; its splendid galleries of paintings; its marbles, and bronzes, and libraries, and scrolls, recovered from the fires of two thousand years ago; these and an endless variety of other objects well worth examination ought to detain the traveller, and keep him constantly occupied for months in Naples; upon the whole the most agreeable city I have ever visited. There is a festive cheerfulness about the streets; a purity in the air, arising, doubtless, from the proximity of the finest bay in the world open to the Mediterranean, which I have not experienced elsewhere.

And, then, what still remains? Vesuvius—Herculaneum—Pompeii, the most interesting objects, within view of each other, to be found on the globe! When these scenes are well explored, there are still Pozzuoli, Baiæ, Cuma, Castel-a-mare, Sorento, Salerno, Pœstum, the islands Capri, Procida, and Ischia, to furnish days, almost years of amusement, scarcely to be exhausted. I confined myself to those which I could visit at my leisure—the volcano—its victims now unshrouded in their tombs—the haunts of the old Romans, and the sacred abode of the sibyls.

I then (19th January, 1835), embarked in the bay on board the *San Francesco* steamer, coasted along the shore of Italy to Genoa, proceeded over Mount Cenis to Turin, thence to Geneva, Dijon, Paris, and London, where, on the 5th of February, I felt myself once more in the bosom of my family. I conclude this narrative of my journey on the 22d of July, exactly the day of the month on which, last year, I left London for the Continent.

EXPENSES OF MY JOURNEY.

As some of my Readers might wish to make the same journey which I have performed, and to know, before-hand, the road expenses they would be likely to incur, I subjoin a note of these matters.

	francs.	cents.
Fare by Steam-boat to Boulogne.....	35	—
Do. to Paris by Diligence.....	50	—
Do. in Diligence to Strasbourg.....	85	25
Do. in Diligence to Baden.....	9	—
Do. from Baden to Carlsruhe.....	5	—
Do. from Carlsruhe to Ulm.....	30	—
Do. from Ulm to Munich.....	32	—
Do. from Munich to Vienna.....	70	—
Expenses of posting from Vienna to Pesth.....	108	—
Fare in Steam-boat from Pesth to Moldava.....	43	—
Do. in Fishing-boat to Orsova.....	4	—

471 25

	F.	C.
Fare in Steam-boat from Gladova to Argulgradt	34	50
Do. in Zantiote-boat from Argulgradt to Rutschuk	10	—
Paid for horses from Rutschuk to Constantinople	604	—
Usual charge for Caique from Pera to Therapia	9	70
Do. from Therapia to Constantinople	9	70
Fare in Sailing-packet from Constantinople to Smyrna	80	—
Passed in Hinde Cutter, from Smyrna to Vourla	—	—
Do. in H.M.S. Portland, from Vourla to Napoli	—	—
Paid for Horses from Napoli to Epidaurus	9	—
Fare in Boat from Epidaurus to the Piræus	6	—
Paid for Horses from the Piræus to Athens	3	—
Do. from Athens to Corinth	20	—
Do. from Corinth to Patras	35	—
Fare in Austrian Packet from Patras to Corfu	57	—
Do. from Corfu to Trieste	118	—

995 60

	F.	C.
Fare in Steam-boat from Trieste to Venice	25	—
Do. in Diligence from Venice to Ferrara	56	—
Do. from Ferrara to Bologna	8	—
Do. in Courier's Carriage from Bologna to Rome	145	—
Do. in Angrisani's carriage, from Rome to Naples	76	—
Do. in Steam-boat from Naples to Genoa	175	—
Do. in Diligence from Genoa to Turin	40	—
Do. in Courier's Carriage from Turin to Geneva	131	—
Do. in Diligence from Geneva to Paris	78	—
Do. from Paris to Calais	63	—
Do. in Steam-boat from Calais to Dover	7	—
Do. in Mail from Dover to London	43	—

*** Twenty-five francs may be generally assumed as equivalent to a sovereign. *Personal* expenses will, of course, depend much on circumstances. They may be set down at ten or twelve francs per day. The expenses of passports, porterage, and of other small charges, may be estimated, for the whole journey, at

about 100 francs. The fare in the Danube *steam-boat*, from Giadova to Galacz is about 50 francs, and in a sailing packet, from Smyrna to the Pirœus, about 40 francs.

THE END.

COX AND SONS, 75, GREAT QUEEN-STREET, LINCOLN'S-INN FIELDS.

00085031

Digitized with financial assistance from the
Government of Maharashtra
on 24 February, 2016